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UPWARD.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HEARING AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AND then he got up and walked to meet the General who was approaching the tea-table, and, as the two were deep in political matters, Enid presently slipped away unobserved.

She felt vaguely that she had vexed or disappointed her lover; she knew the tones of his voice well enough to feel sure in some way that she had said what he did not approve.

And yet on reflection, she could not see that she had given him legitimate cause of offence. She knew that he did not agree with her in preferring country to town, or in thinking that women who sang in public were not quite of her class; but she did not think he ought to be angry with her for expressing her views.

He perplexed her very much by his moments of irritation, of coldness, of absence of mind.

At times he was certainly very different. He could be most tender, though always with the tenderness of a grown man to a child, of a strong person towards a weak one—and this was a kind of tenderness which did not satisfy Enid's heart.

Sometimes, indeed, she was thankful that it was so, feeling as if any great display of affection on his part would be overwhelming, out of place; but at other times she felt that his calm kindness was almost an insult to the woman whom he had asked to be his wife.

A little while back she would not have thought so—she would have been well content with his behavior; but a new factor had come into her life since her engagement to Hubert Lepel, some new and agitating consciousness of power had dawned upon her, with a revelation of faculties and influence to which hitherto she had been a stranger; and, in presence of these novel emotions and discoveries, Hubert was weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Meanwhile Hubert was as uncomfortable as a man could well be.

He had always meant to be faithful and tender to Enid—for whom, as he had said, he would do anything in his power to save her from unhappiness; on the other hand he found the task more difficult than he had dreamed.

He had seen her first as a sweet, docile, pliable creature, ready to be led, ready to be taught, and he had meant to mould her to his will.

But, lo and behold, the girl was not really pliable at all! She had a distinct character and individuality of her own, as different from any ideal of Hubert's as ice from fire.

Her inability to appreciate the artistic side of life—as he put it to himself—her dislike to the great town where all his interests lay—these were traits which troubled him out of proportion to their intrinsic worth.

How could he be happy with a woman who differed from him so entirely in habit, taste, and training? He forgot for a moment that he had asked her to marry him in order that she might be made happy—that he had solemnly put aside from himself all thought of personal joy.

But human nature is weak, and renunciation not always pleasant.

It occurred to his mind that Enid herself might not be very happy if married to a man with whom she was not in sympathy.

It was half with relief, half with regret, that he listened to a monologue from the General on the subject of Enid's marriage.

"I always disapproved of early marriage," he said sapiently; "they never turn out well. And Enid is delicate; she must not take the cares of a household upon her until she is older and stronger. Don't ask me for her until she is twenty-one, Hubert! She shall not marry till then with my consent."

He had never spoken so strongly before; but he was reinforced by Flossy's recently-bestowed approval.

Till within the last few days, Flossy had been all for a speedy marriage. She said now that her "dear Richard" was perfectly right, and the General was "cock-a-hoop" accordingly.

"I need not threaten; you know very well that I have the whole control of the money that would go to her dowry—I need say nothing more. I will have no marriage talked about—no engagement even—for the present. Mind you, Enid is not engaged to you, Hubert. If she thinks fit to change her mind, she may do so."

"Certainly, sir."

"And if you think fit to change your mind, you may do so too. Nobody wants either of you to marry where you do not love; worst thing in the world!"

"When is this prohibition to be removed?" asked Hubert. "It seems to me a little hard upon—upon us both."

"If Enid is stronger, I will allow her to be engaged in a year's time," said the General, "but not before; and I shall tell her so."

The first time that Hubert found himself alone with Enid he said—

"The General seems to have changed his mind about our engagement, Enid."

"Yes; he told me so," she answered meekly.

"He says we are not to consider ourselves engaged."

"Yes."

"I am very sorry that he should have taken that view——"

"Don't be sorry, please!" she said, quickly interrupting him. "I think it is better so."

"Better, Enid?"

"Yes. He says that I am not strong—and it is true. I feel very weak sometimes, not strong enough to bear much, I am afraid. If I were to become an invalid, I should not marry." She spoke gently, but with great resolution.

"That is all a morbid fancy of yours," said Hubert. "You will be better soon. After this summer, the General talks of a winter in the Riviera. That will do you all the good in the world."

"I think not," she answered quietly. "I am afraid that I am not so likely to recover as you think. And, if not, nothing on earth will induce me to marry any man. Remember that, Hubert—If I am not better, I will not marry you. I intend to join the Sisters at East Winstead."

"It is that meddling parson who is at the bottom of this, I'll swear!" said Hubert angrily, quitting her side and pacing about the room. He noticed that at his words the color rose in the girl's pale cheeks.

"If you mean Mr. Evandale," she said, "I can assure you that he has never said a word to me about East Winstead. It is entirely my own wish."

"My dear child," said Hubert, halting in front of her, "the last thing we want is to force your wishes in any direction. If, for instance, you wish to throw me over and be a nun, do so by all means. I only ask you to be true to yourself, and to see that you do not act on impulse, or so as to blight the higher impulses of your nature. I can say no more."

Enid looked at him wistfully, and seemed inclined to speak; but the entrance of her uncle at that moment put a stop to all further conversation, and the subject was not reopened before Hubert's return to town.

"No engagement—free to do as I please."

The words hummed themselves in Hubert's mind to the accompaniment of the throbs of the steam engine all the way back to London.

What did it mean? What did Enid herself mean? Was it not a humiliating position for a man to be in? Was it fair either to him or to the girl? Did it not mean, as a matter of fact, that Flossy had been mistaken, and that Enid was not in the least in love with him?

He could not say that she had been especially affectionate of late. Passive, gentle, sweet, amiable, she always was, but not emotional, not demonstrative.

At that moment Hubert would have given ten years of his life to know what was in her head—what she really meant and wanted him to do.

Arrived at Charing Cross station, he seemed uncertain as to his movements. He hesitated when the porter asked what he should do with his luggage, and gave an order which he afterwards countermanded.

"No," he said, "I won't do that. Put my things on a cab. All right! Drive to No.— Russell Square."

This was his home address; but when there, he did not go upstairs.

He told his landlady to send his things up to his room, and not to expect him back to dinner, as he meant to dine at his club.

He did so; but after dinner his fitful hesitancy seemed to revive.

He smoked a cigarette, talked a little to one of his friends, then went out slowly and, as it seemed, indecisively into the street, and called a handsome-cab.

Then his indecision seemed to leave him. He jumped in, shouted an address to the driver, and was driven off to a quiet square in Kensington, where he knocked at the door of a tall narrow house, only noticeable in the daytime by reason of the masses of flowers in the balcony, and at night for the rose-colored blinds, illuminated by the light of a lamp, in the drawing-room windows.

The servant who opened the door welcomed him with a smile, as if his face was well known to her.

He passed her with a word of explanation, and marched up-stairs to the first-floor, where he tapped lightly at the drawing-room door, and then, without waiting, walked into the room.

A girl in a red dress, who had been kneeling on the rug before the fire, rose to her feet as he came in and uttered a blithesome greeting.

"At last!" she said. "So here you are, monsieur! I was wondering what had become of you, and thought that you had deserted me altogether!"

"Could I do that?" said Hubert, in a tone in which mock gallantry was strangely mingled with a tenderness which was altogether passionate and earnest. "Do you really think that I ever could do that?"

The girl he spoke to was Cynthia West.

Cynthia West made a delightful picture as she stood in the glow of the firelight and the rose-shaded lamps.

Her dress, of deep red Indian silk, partly covered with puffings of soft-looking net of the same shade, was cut low to show her beautiful neck and throat; her sleeves were very narrow, so that the whole length of her finely-shaped arm could be seen.

Her dusky hair gave her all the stateliness of a coronet; swept away from her neck to the top of her head, it left only a few stray curls to shadow with bewitching lightness and vagueness the smooth surface of the exquisite nape.

What was even more remarkable in Cynthia than the beauty of her face was the perfection of every line and contour of her body; the supple, lissome figure was full of absolute grace; she could not have been awkward if she had tried.

It was this characteristic that chiefly earned her the admiration of men; women looked more often at her face.

"Are you alone?" said Hubert, smiling and holding out both his hands, in which she impulsively placed her own.

"Quite alone. Madame has gone out; only the servants are in the house. How charming! We can have a good long chat about everything!"

"Everything!" said Hubert, sinking with a sigh of relief into the low chair that she drew forward. "I shall be only too happy. I have stagnated since I saw you last—which was in March, I believe—an age ago! It is now April, and I am absolutely ignorant as to what has been going going on during the last few weeks.

"You have been in the country?" laughed Cynthia. How I pity you!"

"You do not like the country?"

"Not one little bit. I had enough of it when I was a child.

"You were brought up in the country, were you?" said Hubert carelessly. "I should never have taken you for a country-bred girl—although your physique does not speak of town-life, after all."

"Is that meant for a compliment?" said Cynthia, the clear color suddenly rising in her cheeks. "Bah—I do not like compliments—from some people! I should like to forget all about my early life—dull tiresome days! I began to live only when I came to London."

"Which was when you were about fifteen, was it not? You have never told me where you lived before that."

Cynthia made a little moue of disgust.

"You have always been much too polite hitherto to ask unpleasant questions. I tell you I want to forget those earlier years. If you must know, I was at school."

"I beg your pardon," said Hubert; "I had no idea that the subject was so unpleasant to you, or I would not have alluded to it, of course."

Cynthia gave him a quick look.

"You have a right to ask," she said, in a lower voice. "I suppose I ought to tell you the whole story; but——"

There was strong reluctance in her voice.

"You need do nothing of the kind. I have no right at all; don't talk nonsense, Cynthia. After all, what is the use of raking up old reminiscences? I have always held that it is better to put the past behind us—to live for the present and the future. All of us have memories that we

would gladly forget. Why not make it a business of life to do so?"

"'Forgetting those things which are behind,'" Cynthia murmured.

She was sitting on a very low chair, her hands loosely clasped before her, her eyes searching the embers of the fire. Hubert looked at her curiously.

"I never heard you quote from Scripture before," he said, half laughing.

"Why not? There are plenty of things in the Bible worth thinking about and quoting too," said Cynthia briskly, but with a sudden change of attitude. "It would be better for us both, I have no doubt, if we knew a little better, Mr. Lepel. Aren't you going to smoke? It does not seem at all natural to see you without a cigar in your mouth."

"What a character to give me! Smoke in this rose-tinted room?"

"Madame's friends all smoke here. You need not be an exception. She herself condescends at times to the luxury of a cigarette."

"You call it a luxury?"

"Certainly. Madame has initiated me. But you will understand that I don't display my accomplishment to every one."

"No—don't," said Hubert, a trifle gravely.

She looked round at him with a pretty defiance in her eyes and a laugh upon her face.

"Don't you approve?" she said mockingly. "Ah, you have yet something to learn! It is quite evident that you have been spending Easter in the country, and its gentle dulness hangs about you still."

"Gentle dulness!" Hubert thought involuntarily of Enid.

Yes, the term fitted her very well. Timid, gentle, dull—thus unjustly he thought of her; while as to Cynthia—whatever Cynthia's faults might be, she was not dull—a great virtue in Hubert's eyes.

"I think you could make me approve of anything you do," he said, as he rose in obedience to her invitation to light his cigar. "Some people have the grace of becomingness; they adorn all they touch."

"What a magnificent compliment! I will immediately put it to the test," said Cynthia lightly.

She had also risen, and was examining a little silver box on the mantelpiece.

"Here Madame keeps her Russian cigarettes," she said. "I have not set up a stock of my own, you see. Now give me a light. There—I can do it quite skilfully!" she said, as she placed one of the tiny papellos between her lips and gave one or two dainty puffs. "Now does it become me?"

"Excellent well!" said Hubert, who was leaning back in an enormous chair, so long and deep that one lay rather than sat in it, and regarding her with amusement. "'All that you do, fair creature, still betters what is done.'"

"Then I'm content," said Cynthia, seating herself and holding lightly the cigarette between her fingers.

She still kept it alight by an occasional little puff; but Hubert smiled to see that her enjoyment of it was, as a humorist had said about his first cigar, "purely of an intellectual kind."

She enjoyed doing what was unusual and bizarre—that was all.

He wondered whence she sprang, this brilliant creature on earth, with instincts so keen, desires so ardent, mind and imagination so much more developed than was usual with girls of her age.

Cynthia's beauty was undeniable; but even without beauty, save that of youth, she would have been striking and remarkable.

She was not conscious of his continued gaze at her; she seemed to be lost in thought—perhaps of her earlier years, for presently she said, in a reflective tone—

"You were surprised at my quoting Scripture. I wonder why? I do not seem such a bad person that I must not quote the Bible, do I?"

"Certainly not."

"I used to be at the head of the Bible-class always when I was at St. Elizabeth's," she said dreamily.

She did not notice that Hubert gave a little start when he heard the name.

"Your school was called St. Elizabeth's?"

"Yes."

"At East Winstead?"

"Yes"—this time rather hesitatingly. "Why?"

"Did you happen to know a girl called Jane Wood?"

The two looked at each other steadily for a moment or two. Hubert had spoken with resolute quietness; he thought that Cynthia's expression hardened a little and that her color failed, as she replied—

"I remember her quite well. She ran away."

"Before you left?"

"Before I left," said the girl, looking down at the cigarette which she had taken from her lips and held between her fingers.

Suddenly she threw it into the fire, and, sitting erect, while a hot flush crossed her face, went on—

"Why do you want to know?"

"Oh, nothing! What sort of a girl she was, for instance."

"A wild little creature—a horrid, ungrateful, bad-tempered girl! They—we were all glad when she went."

"Why, the old woman—what's her name?—Sister Louisa—said that she was a general favorite?"

"I'm sure she wasn't. When were you there?"

"The day after her departure, I think it was."

"And what took you there, Mr. Lepel?"

There was a touch of bewilderment in Cynthia's voice.

"Curiosity, for the most part."

"No one was at the school whom you knew, I suppose?"

"No," said Hubert, reflecting that Jane Wood had gone before he paid his visit.

Perhaps Cynthia did not understand this point. At any rate, she looked relieved.

"I was glad when my time came to leave," she said more freely.

"Did you not like the place?"

"Pretty well. It was frightfully, awfully dull!"

"And yet you had never known anything more exciting? Were you really conscious at the time that it was dull, or did you realize its dulness only afterwards?"

"Oh, I must have had it in my blood to know the difference between dulness and enjoyment," she said lightly; "otherwise——"

"Well—otherwise?"

"Otherwise," she said, smiling to him, "how should I know it now? There is a vast difference between dulness and enjoyment—as vast as that between happiness and misery; and I know them both."

"Cynthia," he said, rising and leaning towards her—"Cynthia, child, you do enjoy your present life—you are happy, are you not?"

She looked up at him silently.

The smile faded; he noticed that her bosom rose and fell more quickly than before.

"You think that I ought to be?" she said. "But why? Because I have been in Italy—because I have had a little success or two—because people say that I am handsome and that I have a voice? That is not my idea of happiness, Mr. Lepel, if it is yours; but you know as well as I do that it is not happiness at all. It is excitement, if you like, but nothing else—not even enjoyment."

"What would you call enjoyment then, Cynthia? What is your idea of happiness?"

Her hurried breathing seemed to have infected him with like shortness of respiration; there was a fire in his eyes.

"Oh," she said, looking away from him and holding her hands tightly clasped upon her knee, "it is not different from other women's ideas of happiness—it is quite commonplace! It means a safe happy home of my own, with no reasonable fear that distrust or poverty or sin should invade it—congenial work—a companion that I could love and trust and work for and care for——"

She stopped short.

"A husband," said Hubert slowly, "and children to kiss your lips and call you 'Mother,' and a man's love to soften and sweeten all the days of your life."

She nodded but did not speak.

"And I," he said, with an irrepressible sigh—"I want a woman's love—I want a home too, and all the sweet charities of home about me. Yes, that is happiness."

"It will be yours by-and-by, I suppose," said Cynthia, in rather a choked voice—he had told that he was engaged to be married.

"I see no probability," he answered drily. "She—her guardian will not allow an engagement."

"But—she loves you?"

"I do not think so; I am sure indeed that she does not."

"And you—you care for her?"

"No; by Heaven, I do not!"

"Then by-and-by you will meet somebody whom you love."

"I have met somebody now," said Hubert, in a curiously dogged tone; "but, as I am sure that she does not care a pin for me, there is no harm in letting the secret out."

"Who is she?"—in a startled tone.

"She is a singer. She used to be an actress; but she has a magnificent voice and is in training for the operatic stage. She will be a great star one day and I shall worship her from afar. But I have never met anybody in the world who will ever be to me what that woman might have been."

"How do you know," said Cynthia, in a scarcely audible voice, "that you are not as much to her as she is—you say—to you?"

"How do I know? I am certain of it—certain that she regards me as a useful, pleasant friend who is anxious to do his best for her in the musical world, and nothing more. If I dreamed for a moment that I was nearer or dearer to her than that I should hold my tongue. But, as it is, knowing that I am not worthy to kiss the hem of her garment, and that if she knew all my unworthiness she would be the first to bid me begone, I do not fear—now once and once only—to tell her that I love her with all my heart and mind and body and soul, and that I ask nothing from her but permission to love on until the last day of my life."

"Now, once and once only?" repeated Cynthia.

She looked up, and saw that he stood ready for departure.

His face was pale, his lips were tightly set, and his eyes sent forth a strange defiant gleam which she had not seen before.

He made three strides towards the door before she collected herself sufficiently to start up and speak.

"No—no—you must not go! One moment! And what if—if"—she could hardly get out the words—"what if the woman that you loved had loved you too, ever since you saved her from poverty and disgrace and worse than death in the London streets?"

She held out her arms to him, as if praying him to save her once again.

He stood motionless, breathing heavily, swaying a little, as if impelled at one moment to turn away and at another to meet her extended hands.

"Then," he said at last—"then I should be of all men most miserable!"

It was illogical, it was weak, it was base, after those words, to yield to the tide of passion which for the first time in his life surged up in his soul with its full strength and power.

And yet he did yield—why, let those who have loved like him explain.

As soon as he had uttered his protest, and it seemed as if the battle should be over and these two divided from each other for evermore, the two leapt together, and were clasped in each other's arms.

She lay upon his breast; his arms were clasped around her, his lips pressed passionately to hers.

In the ecstasy of that moment conscience was forgotten, the past was obliterated; nothing but the fire and energy of love remained.

And then—quite suddenly—came a revulsion of feeling in the mind of the man whose guilt had, after all, not left him utterly without remorse.

To Cynthia's terror and dismay, he sank upon his knees before her, and, with his arms clasped round her waist and his face pressed close to her slight form, burst into a passion, an agony of sobs.

She did not know what to do or say; she could but entreat him to be calm, repeating that she loved him—that she would love him to the last day of her life. It was of no use—the agony would have its way.

He did not try to explain his singular conduct. When he arose at last, he kissed her on the forehead and, murmuring somewhat inarticulately, that he would see her on the morrow, he left the room.

She heard the street door close, and knew, with a strange mixture of fear and joy, that he had gone and that he loved her. In the consciousness of this latter fact she had no fear of the morrow.

avowal of love which was afterwards

He might perhaps have kept his lips from as bitter to him as death if he had known that at St. Elizabeth's Cynthia West had once been known as the convict's daughter, Jane Wood.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"LOOK here, Cynthia," he said abruptly, when he met her the next morning—"this won't do! I was to blame; I made a fool of myself last night."

"What—in saying that you loved me?" she inquired.

"Yes—in saying that I loved you. You know very well that I did not intend to say it."

"Does that matter?" she asked in a low voice.

She had taken his hand, and was caressing his strong white fingers tenderly.

"I did it against my conscience."

"Because of that other girl?"

He considered a moment and then said "Yes."

But he was not prepared for the steadily penetrating gaze which she immediately turned upon him.

"I don't quite believe that," she said slowly.

"You doubt my word?"

"Yes," said Cynthia, in a dry matter-of-fact way; "I doubt everybody's word. Nobody tells the whole truth in this agreeable world. You forget that I am not a baby—that I have knocked about a good deal and seen the sunny side of life. Perhaps you would like me better if I had not? You would like me to have lived in the country all my life, and to be gentle and innocent and dull?"

"I could not like you better than as you are," he said, passing one arm round her.

"That's right. You do love me?"

"Yes, Cynthia."

"That is not a very warm assurance. Do you feel so coldly towards me this morning?"

"My dearest—no!"

"That's better. Dear Hubert—may I call you Hubert?"—he answered her with a little pressure of his arm—"if you really care for me, I can say what I was going to say; but, if you don't—if that was how you made a fool of yourself by saying so when you did not mean it—then tell me, and I shall know whether to speak or to hold my tongue."

She spoke forcibly, with a directness and simplicity which enchanted Hubert in spite of himself.

He assured her that he loved her from the bottom of his heart, and that she might speak freely, and that he would be guided, if possible, by what she said—he knew that she was good and wise and generous.

And then he kissed her once more on the lips, and she believed his words.

She began to speak, blushing a little as she did so.

"I only want to understand. You are not married, Hubert?"

"My darling—no!"

"And you said last night that you were not engaged!"

"I am not engaged," he said more slowly.

"You have—some other engagement—entanglement—of which I do not know?"

"No, Cynthia."

"Then," she said, facing him with a boldness which he thoroughly admired, "why do you want to draw back from what you said to me last night?"

Hubert looked more than serious, he looked unhappy.

"Draw back," he said slowly—"that is an hard expression!"

"It is a hard thing," she rejoined.

"Cynthia if I had suspected—if you had given me any reason to suppose—that you were willing to think of me as more than a friend, I would not have spoken. I am not worthy of you; I can but drag you back from a brilliant career; it is not fair to you."

The girl stood regarding him meditatively; their was neither fear nor sign of yielding in her eyes.

"That does not sound natural," she said; it does not sound quite real. Excuse me, you would not, merely as a novelist, make your hero back out of an engagement for that reason. If he gave it, the reader would know at once that there was something else—something in the background. I believe that the amiable heroine would accept the explanation and go away broken-hearted. But I," said Cynthia, with a little stamp of impatience—"I am not amiable, and I mean neither to believe in your explanation nor to break my heart; and so, Mr. Hubert Lepel, you had now better tell me what this is really all about."

"Ah, Cynthia, I had better let you think me a fool or a brute than lead you into this!" cried Hubert.

"But I should never think you a fool or a brute, whatever you did."

"You do not know what you might think of me—in other circumstances."

"Try," she said, almost in a whisper, slipping her hand into his.

But he shook his head and looked down, knitting his brows uneasily.

"What will satisfy you?" she asked at length, evidently convinced from his manner that something was more seriously amiss than she had thought. "Do you not know that where I give my love I give my whole trust and confidence? More than that, I shall never take it away, even if all the world told me—even if I had some reason to believe—that you were not worthy of my trust. Oh, what does the world know of you? I understand you much better. Can't you see that a woman loves a man for what he is, and not for what he does?"

"What he does proceeds from what he is, Cynthia, I am afraid," said Hubert sadly.

"Not always. People are often betrayed into doing things that do not show their real nature at all," said the girl eagerly. "A man gives way to a sudden temptation—he strikes a blow—and the world calls him a ruffian and a murderer; or he takes what belongs to another because he is starving, and the world calls him a common thief. We cannot judge."

He had drawn away from her and was resting his arm on the mantelpiece, and his head upon his arm.

A strange vibration had passed through his frame as he stood listening to her words.

"Do you think, then," he said at last, speaking with difficulty, and without raising his head, "that you could love a man whom the world condemned, or would condemn, if they knew all—could you love a man who was an outcast, a felon, a—a murderer?"

"I am sure that I could," said Cynthia fervently.

For the moment she was not thinking of Hubert however, but of another man whom she had loved, and whom she had seen condemned to death for the murder of Sydney Vane.

Hubert put out his left hand and drew her close to him.

Even now there was one thing that he dared not say; he did not dare ask her whether she could love a man who had allowed another to bear the punishment which he had deserved, although he had hidden his guilt from a desire to save another rather than himself.

He remained for a few moments in the same posture, with his face hidden on his right arm and his left encircling Cynthia; but, after a time, he stood up, drew her closer to his breast and kissed her forehead.

Then he put her away from him and crossed his arms across his chest.

His face was pale and drawn, there were beads of perspiration on his forehead, and his lip was bitten underneath his thick moustache.

"Cynthia," he said hoarsely, "to you, at least, I will try to be an honest man. I never knew a woman as brave, as true as you are; I'll do my best, at any rate, to be not altogether unworthy of you, my darling. I would give all I have in the world if I could ask you to marry me, Cynthia; but I can't. There is an obstacle; you were right—I am not free."

"I thought there was some real reason," she said quietly. "I knew you would not have spoken as you did without a reason."

"I am not engaged; or perhaps I should say that I am engaged, and that she is free. If at the end of two years she is stronger in health, and her uncle withdraws his opposition, and she cares to accept me, I have promised to be ready. The last thing I ever meant was to ask any other woman to be my wife. But I was weak enough not to deny myself the bitter-sweet solace of telling you that I loved you; and thus I have drawn down punishment on myself. Cynthia, can you ever forgive me?"

She did not answer; she seemed to be thinking deeply.

After a few minutes' silence, she looked at him rather wistfully, and asked another question.

"You said she did not love you. Was that true?"

"I believe so."

"Then why does she want to marry you?"

There was something childlike in Cynthia's tone.

"I don't think she does, Cynthia; I think it is only her uncle's wife who has been trying to bring about a marriage between us; and perhaps it was my conviction that this marriage would never come about which made me less careful than I might have been. Assuredly I never intended to tell you what I told you last night."

"But I am glad you did," said Cynthia, almost inaudibly.

Then she put her hand on Hubert's arm, and looked at him with a soft and beautiful expression in her large dark eyes.

"I am glad, because it will make life easier for me to know that you care for me. Now I want you to listen to me for a few moments. From what you say, I think that this girl is in weak health, an orphan, and not perhaps very happy in her home? Yes, that is so—is it not? Do you think then that I would rob her of what might make all her happiness? You say that she does not care for you. But you may be mistaken; you know you thought that—that I did not care either. You must wait for her, and see what will happen at the end of the two years. If she claims you then—well, it will be for you to decide whether you will marry her; but I shall not marry you unless she gives you up of her own free will. And, if she does—and if you care for me still——"

"Then you will be my wife?"

"Then," she said slowly—"then you may, if you like, ask me again. But then you will perhaps remember that I am a nobody—that I was born in a cottage and educated at a charity-school—that I—that I—— No, I can't tell you my history now—don't ask me; if you love me at all, don't ask me that! I will tell you—I promise you—before I marry you, if ever—at the end of two years—at the end of half a century—you ask me again."

She was weeping in his arms—she, the brilliant, joyous, successful woman, with a life of distinction opening out before her, with spirits and courage that never failed, with beauty and gifts that were capable of charming all the world—weeping like a child, and in need of comforts like a child.

What could he do?

"My darling, my own darling," he said, "I cannot bear to hear you speak so! Do you doubt my love for you, Cynthia? Tell me nothing but what you please; I shall never ask you a question—never desire more than you choose to tell. And in two years—— Oh, what can I say? Marry me to-morrow, Cynthia, my dearest, and let everything else go by?"

"And despise you ever after for yielding to my weakness?" she said, checking her tears. "Do you think I could bear you to lower yourself for my sake? No; you shall keep your word to her—to the woman, whoever she may be, who has your word. But I—I have your heart."

She sent him away from her then with proud but gentle words, caressing him, flattering him, after the manner of women with those they love, but inexorably determined that he should keep his word.

For she had a strong sense of honor and honesty and she could not bear to think that he could be false to any one who trusted him.

It was weighing heavily on her own conscience that she had deceived him [illegible].

Hubert left her with his senses in a whirl. He knew, as he said, that he had been weak; but Cynthia's beauty intoxicated him.

But for her determination, her courage, he would have failed to keep up even the appearance of faith with Enid—he would have been utterly careless of Enid's trust in him. But this declension Cynthia was resolved not to permit.

It was strange to see what nobleness of mind and generosity of feeling existed behind her light and careless demeanor; and, while these humiliated her lover, they filled him with genuine pride and admiration.

She was not a woman to be lightly wooed and lightly won; she was worthy of respect, even of reverence.

And, as he thought of her, his heart burned with anger against the innocent girl at Beechfield who had dared to speak of this noble woman with something very like contempt.

Cynthia was glad that she had no public engagement for that evening. She was invited to go with Madame della Scala to a large party; but she pleaded a headache, and begged to be allowed to stay at home.

Madame scolded her playfully, but did not oppose her whim; she was sufficiently proud of her pupil and housemate to let her take her own way—a practical compliment for which Cynthia was grateful.

When the old lady had gone, Cynthia returned to her favorite rose-lighted sitting-room, and sank somewhat languidly into a lounging-chair.

She had forbidden Hubert to return to her that night—she had said that she wanted to be alone; and now she was half inclined to repent her own peremptoriness.

"I might have let him come just once," she said to herself. "I shall not allow him to come often, or to be anything but a friend to me; but I feel lonely to-night. It is foolish of me to be depressed. A month ago I should have thought myself happy indeed if I could have known that he loved me; and now I am more miserable than ever. I suppose it is the thought of that other girl—mean, jealous, miserable wretch that I am! But I will not be mean or jealous any longer. He has promised himself to her, and he shall keep his word."

She was startled from these reflections by the sound of a tap at the door, followed by the entrance of a maid whose office it was especially to attend on Miss Wade.

"If you please, miss," she said, in a low and rather confidential tone—"if you please, there's a—a person at the door that asks to see you."

"It is late for visitors," said Cynthia. "A lady, Mary?"

"No, miss."

"A gentleman? I do not see gentlemen, when Madame is out, at this hour of the night. It is ten o'clock. Tell him to come to-morrow."

"I did, miss. He said to-morrow would not do. He asked me to mention 'Beechfield' to you, miss, and to say that he came from America."

"Old or young, Mary?"

The color was leaving Cynthia's face.

"Old, miss. He has white hair and black eyes, and looks like a sort of superior working-man."

Cynthia deliberated. Mary watched her in silence, and then made a low-voiced suggestion.

"There's cook's young man in the kitchen, miss, and he's a policeman. Shall I ask him to step up to the front and tell the man to move on?"

"Oh, no, no!" said Cynthia, suddenly shrinking. "I will see the gentleman, Mary. I think that perhaps he knows a place—some people that I need to know."

There was a sort of terror in her face. Mary turned rather reluctantly towards the door.

"Shall I come in too, miss, or shall I stand in the passage?"

"Neither," said Cynthia, with a little laugh. "Go down to your supper, Mary, and I will manage the visitor. Show him in here."

She seemed so composed once more that Mary was reassured. The girl went back to the hall door, and Cynthia rose to her feet with the look of one who was nerving herself for some terrible ordeal.

She kept her eyes upon the door; but, when the visitor appeared, they were so dim with agitation that she could hardly see the face or the features of the man whom was decorously announced as—

"Mr. Reuben Dare."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHOOSING THE NAME.—"My dear, I have been reading up within the past week and I think I have a name for the baby," said Mrs. Greening one day.

"You have, eh? What is it?"

"I read that Phœbus, the God of Day, comes up bright and beautiful in the morning; that he lights the world; that without him—"

"Now, look here, madam; let's have no foolishness here. You can't call that child by any such name. Did Phœbus of history yell from eleven a. m. to three p. m., and intermittently from three to seven o'clock? I myself am doing the god-of-day business in the matter of getting up, and I'm not going to divide the honors. If you want a mythological cognomen for that destroyer of rest, I have it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Greening, with considerable asperity.

"Aurora!" brutally yelled Elisha. Then he left the house.

A LARGE capacity for labor is usually a distinguishing feature of healthy genius, and that implies a vigorous and a lasting bodily constitution. If the fiery spirit burns out the vitality rapidly, it is most frequently because of bad habits and vicious excesses that unduly strain the strongest constitutions. Other things being equal, the great and sane minds of the world are necessarily in sound bodies. They must have physical along with intellectual power, the ability to withstand disease and the trials and hardships of life.

No knowledge which terminates in curiosity and speculation is comparable to that which is of use; and of all useful knowledge, that is most sow hich consists in a due care and just notion of ourselves.

Bric-a-Brac.

AS TO EATING.—Some of the African monarchs make it a great point to eat in one house and drink in another. A Kamschatkan host kneels before his guests. He cuts an enormous slice from a sea calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend crying out "Tana" (there!), and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity. Some of the ancient monarchs of France when they sat at the table required their nobles to serve them on horseback.

THE MOST VALUABLE.—The most valuable book in the world is said to be a Hebrew Bible at the Vatican in Rome. In 1512 Pope Julius, then in great financial straits, refused to sell it to a syndicate of rich Venitian Jews for its weight in gold. The Bible weighs 325 pounds and is never carried by less than three men. The price refused by Pope Julius was, therefore, about $125,000, and that, too, was when gold was worth at least thrice what it is now worth.

"THAT" IN THIRTY-ONE WORDS.—How many thats can be grammatically inserted? Answer: Fourteen. He said that that that that man said was not that that that man should say; but that that that that man said, was that that that man should not say. That reminds us of the following says and saids: Mr. B., did you say, or did you not say, what I said? because Mr. C. said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?

OF WOMAN'S ORIGIN.—One of the strangest stories touching the origin of woman is told by the Madagascarenes. In so far as the creation of man goes, the legend is not unlike that related by Moses, only that the fall came before Eve arrived. After the man had eaten the forbidden fruit he became affected with a boil on the leg, out of which, when it burst, came a beautiful girl. The man first thought to throw it to the pigs, but he was commanded by a messenger from heaven to let her play among the diggings until she was of marriageable age, then to make her his wife. He did so, called her Baboura, and she became the mother of all races of men.

PATRON SAINTS.—St. Joseph, spouse of the blessed Virgin Mary is the patron of the universal Church. St. Pancras is the patron of childhood. St. Aloysius is the patron of youth, purity and students. St. Agnes is the patron of maidens. St. Monica is the patron of matrons. St. Maxima is the patron of virgins and wives. St. Vincent de Paul is the patron of charities. St. Sabina is evoked against gout and rheumatism. St. Benedict Joseph Fabre is invoked against lightning. St. Roch is invoked against contagious diseases. St. Blase prevents and cures sore throats. St. Sebastian is the patron of soldiers. St. Hubert is the patron of hunters. St. Thomas Aquinas is the patron of [illegible].

HORSE AND DOG.—People who attended the weekly market in Contances, France, some days ago were surprised to see a peasant woman offering for sale a horse, which was tariffed at one dollar. The same woman was selling a dog for which she demanded $100. They thought she must be mad and told her so. "Be that as it may," she said, "the man who wants to have the horse for one dollar, must first take the dog at $100." A purchaser eventually secured the two, and afterwards would have the explanation. It transpired that the deceased husband of the artful peasant woman had instructed her in his will to sell his dog and his horse. The price of the dog was to be hers, and that of the horse she was to pay over to his family.

GUILDS IN SERVIA.—A curious survival of the Middle Ages in Servia is the institution of "Esnafs," or guilds. According to the latest Consular reports from that country, these "Esnafs or guilds are the various trades which regulate the conditions of apprentices and the privileges of master workmen. They are independent of State support and are maintained by employers and workmen of the different trades for their mutual support in labor and sickness. Monthly contributions are paid to the guild by the members, and the funds collected are managed by an unpaid committee, elected at a general meeting. Foreigners are allowed to join these guilds, and the law enables them to prevent those who have not enrolled from exercising their calling."

A country seat—The top fence rail.

ALL IN ONE.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

How shall I tell thee when I love thee best?
In rapture, or repose? How shall I say?
I only know I love thee every way,
Nor more when restlessly than when at rest.

See! What is day except the night refreshed,
And what the night except the tired-out day?
And 'tis love's difference, not love's decay,
If now I dawn, now fade upon thy breast.

Self-torturing sweet! Is't not the self-same sun,
Wanes in the west that flameth in the east,
His fervor nowise altered nor decreased?
So rounds my love, returning where begun,
And still beginning, never most nor least,
But fixedly various, all love's parts in one.

REJECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THIS is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Dudley. I had no idea until I arrived to-day that I should meet you here this evening."

"Well, I did not know until yesterday that I was coming," answers Theo, sitting down on a low chair by the fire. "Unfortunately my uncle had made up his mind that I was to stay at home to be present at a sale of work—the great excitement of the year for all the members of the sewing guild, and it was only yesterday that I persuaded him to let me come."

"Why? Are you such a very important member of the sewing guild that you cannot be spared."

"No—that is just it. I never sew—I do not believe I ever possessed a thimble of my own—so you can imagine I am not of very much use at their weekly meetings; but uncle Robert seems to think that guests and seems ought to be the aim of my life. I often tell him it is of no good—I shall never be his ideal."

"So he has an ideal?" says Major Leveson laughing.

Ever since that evening at Oldsone Priory he wondered how the uncle and niece got on together, Theo and her dog seemed so much out of place in that precise bachelor establishment.

"He has indeed," replies Theo, speaking feelingly. "And such an ideal! She is a thoroughly useful young person, she goes in strongly for Sunday-school teaching and district-visiting. But it is her dress which I find most difficult to cope with. Uncle Robert's ideals always were bonnets and flowing dolmans, and their hair—oh, it is terrible! There are never allowed anything so frivolous as a fringe."

"Then he must have given you up as lost long ago," observes Leveson, instinctively glancing down at the pretty curls clustering upon Theo's low forehead.

"Yes; he looks upon me as past reformation now. I tell him he can do his own hair as he likes, and, if he is so anxious to have somebody else's to arrange, he should marry. He would be quite satisfied if he had somebody to look at resembling—well, the Queen's head on the postage-stamps is his idea of becoming style."

"And do you suppose that, if he married, he would really get what he wants then?"

"Oh, yes, very likely! When women marry they have to make up their minds to be regular martyrs. They are quite prepared, and realize that they will not be able to call their souls their own."

"Or else it is the other way," suggests Leveson, shrugging his shoulders. "The husbands are martyrs, poor fellows! But how is it you have such a poor opinion of matrimony?"

"I have no opinion of it at all"—with a light laugh and a curious assumption of indifference. "I always think uncle Robert must have had more sense than any one gives him credit for."

"Ah, I suppose you consider that even the vision of a postage-stamp at the head of his table would not have been worth the risk!"

At this moment Lady Chandos comes across the room and asks the Major to take Theo to dinner.

"May I have the honor, Miss Dudley?" he asks, immediately turning to her and offering her his arm.

And so, after all Theo's secret resolves to avoid him and to hold herself coldly aloof, it happens that she finds herself walking off with Major Leveson behind half a dozen other couples, in the most confidential manner possible, utterly regardless of the fact that the man by her side is the much detested nephew of her godfather, the man who has had the audacity to refuse to marry her.

Alas, had she known the alternative she would have chosen the deepest tea and dry toast! At all events he knows that she has refused him; and, so long, as they know each other's sentiments upon the subject, what need is there, since circumstances have decreed they should meet, to be anything but friendly?

Perhaps, after all, if she did not treat the matter with perfect indifference, it would look as though she resented his decision. Having come to this conclusion, Miss Theo puts away all recollections of her godfather's will, and succeeds so well that during the whole of the dinner he thoughts never once recur to the disagreeable position in which she stands towards Philip Leveson.

"But really Theo I think you might tell me!"

The ladies are back again in the drawing-room, they have drawn up their chairs in a semicircle in front of the great roaring fire.

"How in the world has the Colonel left his money?"

At Lady Chando's question a slight frown clouds Miss Dudley's face. The Colonel's money—ah, is she never to be allowed to forget that odious theme?

"I heard the other day that he had treated you disgracefully, and at the last had made a most outrageous will. But what is the real truth—is the will really so outrageous?"

"Yes, it is outrageous," answers Theo, with a sudden gleam of indignation in her eyes. "Still it is of no use—I do not trouble about it now."

"What a shame! And you were to have had his entire fortune; every one looked upon you as his heiress. But I can see how it is; it is that Major Leveson who has appeared upon the scene—that is what has done it. He will inherit all, I expect. Well!"—angrily—"it is not fair—he has had no business to do it, and if I have an opportunity I shall tell him so."

What flights of fancy! thinks Theo as she listens in guilty silence. Yet, if Lady Chandos and her guests are perfectly ignorant of the real contents of the Colonel's will, what need is there to reveal them, to tell them those stringent conditions, which have haunted her day and night ever since the evening of Major Leveson's visit to Oldstone Priory.

"But talking of wills, that reminds me—do you know I heard a most extraordinary story the other day!"

It was Lady Clementina Gore who speaks she has brought her two daughters to Chandos Court, bent upon conquest.

"Can it be true, I wonder? I was told that a large fortune had been left, in a most romantic way, to Major Leveson."

"Romantic! Why? Pray, how do you mean?"

"Well, he only becomes the happy possessor of it if he marries a certain lady, with whom, I believe, an alliance would be highly desirable; if not, he—— Is this lovely fire too hot for you, Miss Dudley?"

Lady Clementina breaks off abruptly, looking up at Theo, who, under the pretence of speaking to Lady Chandos's beautiful collie, suddenly rises from the chair where she was sitting.

"Yes, it is exceedingly warm," answers the girl, with a perceptible increase of color.

"But, Lady Clementina, how very extraordinary! What will the poor Major do?"

Quite a murmur of astonishment runs round the room.

"That is a question I cannot answer. My informant had an idea he would not consent to the arrangement, and I cannot help thinking from what I heard that there was a prior attachment; but of course I may be wrong."

Lady Clementina sighs and glances despairingly at her two plain daughters at her side.

"But the lady—this highly desirable person, who is she?"

"Let me see—what was her name?"

Theo turns with a start; she grows first hot then cold.

"What could it be! How exceedingly tiresome! I do not believe I inquired; but here comes the Major himself. How fortunate! We will ask him all about it, for I know it is no secret."

Theo had felt intensely relieved as she suddenly realized that the name of the lady was unknown, she had looked gratefully at the unconscious Lady Clementina, and, as though quite overcome by the ridiculousness of the whole thing, had given vent to a peal of laughter that was somewhat uncalled for.

Alas, how short-lived has been that feeling of comparative freedom! Already Major Leveson's voice can be heard outside, already her ladyship is bracing herself for a delightful piece of gossip; and Theo has only just time to rise with an air of feigned indifference and disappear behind a large Indian screen before he is in the middle of the room and Lady Clementina is addressing him in her high-pitched tones.

"Yes, Major Leveson, you must really give us all particulars."

For some moments Theo stands perfectly still, with her heart beating furiously, then there is suddenly a slight lull in the buss of conversation which Major Leveson's appearance has evoked, and Lady Clementina's words can be heard distinctly behind the screen.

"I know that you have had a fortune left you on the condition that you marry a certain desirable lady, but there our information ends; we have been able to discover nothing further."

"Do you mean to say you really troubled to make any inquiries?" is Leveson's calm ironical reply. "I had no idea that any one took so much interest in me."

"You bad man, how absurd you are! As though we are not all dying to know!" exclaims the younger Miss Gore, with a little gush of laughter. "You might tell us all. Mother heard that you had never seen her until the other day; and we have all so wondered what you thought of her when you did see her."

"Yes, Major Leveson, we long to hear your impression of her. Tell at least what she is like."

"Unfortunately, Miss Gore, I was never good at description."

"Ah, but at any rate you can give us your general idea of her! Was she plain or"—hesitatingly—"pretty?"

"Plain or pretty?"

Theo grows hot, then cold.

"Oh, if that is all you want to know, I can easily satisfy you! She is pretty—decidedly pretty."

"Pretty!"

The voices of the Misses Gore betray signs of disappointment.

"Then you fell in love with her upon the spot, of course! How very romantic—just like a story-book! Your marriage will soon be appearing in the *Court Journal* now."

This is too much for Theo; she can bear it no longer, so, turning desperately to the door behind her—a door, which, alas, she knows from experience creaks dreadfully!—she pushes it open, and, hoping against hope that her exit will not be heard, makes a hurried escape from the room.

CHAPTER VI.

FORTUNE favors Major Leveson the following morning. He is just starting off for a stroll in the garden after breakfast when, descending the wide stone steps which lead down from the smoking-room, he meets Theo running along the terrace at full speed, with all the dogs of the establishment scampering excitedly at her heels.

"You are out in very good time, Miss Dudley!"

Theo's face flushes at the sound of his voice.

After the episode of the preceding evening she had avoided Major Leveson, dreading that he might have known she was a silent yet unwilling listener to that terrible conversation; and now all her old feelings come back to her again with renewed force as she turns and sees Major Leveson by her side.

"I had begun to wonder whatever you had done with yourself, you vanished so completely and suddenly after dinner last evening."

"Oh, I—I was rather tired!" she stammers.

"Tired!"—somewhat incredulously. "Ah, your journey, I suppose! But which way are you going?"

"Well," she said, "I was thinking of going to the stables, to pay a visit to old Peters."

"Who I am sure will give you a most warm reception. He was only telling me yesterday that you were expected again. But may I come with you? I should like to show you the hunters I have brought down with me."

So once again Theo finds herself starting off quite alone with Major Philip Leveson.

The stables are almost deserted; old Peters is nowhere to be seen, and the grooms are evidently all busily occupied in the saddle-room and coach-house, for not a sound disturbs the stillness of the airy loose-boxes and stalls except the regular munching of the dozen or more horses and the clink and jingle of halter-chains and rings.

Leveson opens the door and leads the way to the end of the stable, were two splendid hunters—one a bay, the other a roan—are already craning their necks and pricking up their ears at the well-known footstep of their master.

They both look round with a deep whinny as Leveson approaches them; and Theo immediately pauses in genuine admiration.

"What beauties!" she exclaims.

"Do you really like the r.?" asks Leveson, smiling.

"Yes, indeed, they are lovely! I remember the roan, I think; he is the one you rode on that day after the ball," she says, glancing towards her companion for confirmation of her words; "but I have never seen this one—she is a gem."

And as she speaks Theo turns towards the other stall, and, going up to the beautiful hunter, lays her hand caressingly upon the glossy arched neck.

They form a pretty picture standing together upon the plaited straw, the dark bay thoroughbred and the slender brown-haired girl; and Major Leveson thoroughly appreciates it, as he leans against the wooden partition of the stall, surveying the scene with pleased eyes.

"I can see you are a good judge of horseflesh," he says, knocking the ash from his cigar. "Grace Darling is my favorite too. I always say, whatever comes and goes, I shall never part with her. By-the-bye, Miss Dudley, I should like you to hunt her sometimes; I believe she would carry you splendidly."

Theo looks up in astonishment. Hunt Grace Darling, that beautiful thoroughbred! He cannot mean it—the very thought of such a thing makes her pulse beat faster. Yet, with a sudden pang, she shakes her head.

"It is very good of you to suggest such a thing, but——"

"But you do intend to hunt surely?" interrupts Leveson anxiously.

"Well, yes, I do, I suppose. Sir James says I must"—in a somewhat deprecatory tone, as she glances regretfully at the wide roomy loose-box where her own fine chestnut used to stand.

"Then you will try Grace Darling one day?" he persists, drawing a step or two nearer.

Theo gathers up a wisp of hay and coils it slowly and silently round and round her finger.

"Sir James is very good," she says, after a pause. "He has told me I am to have Thundercloud whenever I like."

"Thundercloud!"

A slight shadow of disappointment passes over his face.

"Ah, then, of course you will be well mounted! I heard Miss Gore doing her utmost to induce Sir James to offer him to her only yesterday morning; but evidently our host had some other plans in view, for Miss Gore's efforts were unsuccessful."

"And do you mean to say you did not offer her Grace Darling?" inquires Theo, laughing mischievously. "Now what a splendid opportunity it is for you to do Miss Gore a kindness! Order Grace to be saddled for her in the morning."

"Ah, I dare say! At any rate I might be quite certain that she would not refuse her," he answers with a shrug of his shoulders. "But, if there is one person on earth that I really dislike, it is Miss Gore. I never speak to her unless I am absolutely compelled."

"Why, I thought you knew the Gores so well!" exclaims Theo in utter amazement.

"No, I cannot say I know much of them; but Lady Clementina is one of those persons who have a much more intimate acquaintance with your affairs than yourself.

How they get to know or make up the things they do really astonishes me! You should have heard them last night! The moment I went into the drawing-room after dinner they began their system of 'pumping' as hard as possible."

Theo turns quite pale as her eyes suddenly meet his.

"Pumping!" she repeats at last, assuming an air of the most complete ignorance. "And did you—did you gratify their curiosity?"

"Not I, indeed," replies Leveson, smiling amusedly. They had to give up in despair at last. All the same, I should not be at all astonished if Lady Clementina imagined she gathered sufficient facts to provide her with fresh gossip for days. Certainly, when I departed for the smoking-room last night, I felt inclined to remind her that, like Sir Peter Teazle, I had left my character behind me! But, to return to our subject, will you promise that, in case you want a mount while you are here, you will let me know, when I shall be only too delighted to put Grace Darling at your service."

"How can I thank you?" returns Theo gratefully. "It is really too good of you to suggest such a thing!"

How the time slips away she cannot imagine, yet she feels decidedly guilty when, half an hour later, she returns to the library, and, in response to numerous inquiries as to her visit to Peters, she is obliged to confess she has not seen him.

"I could not find him; he was nowher about," she answers with rather a shame faced expression as she suddenly realizes that she had totally forgotten the old coachman's existence.

"But I am sure he is there—is he not, Mr. Greville?" exclaims Lady Csandos, appealing to Jack Greville, who, unseen by Theo, has just entered the room.

"How do you do, Miss Dudley? I have heard your voice, but have not seen you before this morning"—in a tone of evident significance. "What do you say, Lady Chandos—was old Peters there? Oh, dear, yes! I have just come from the stable-yard, where I have been having a long talk with him. But perhaps Miss Dudley's search was slightly restricted; probably she did not look farther than the stalls where Major Leveson's hunters are located at present."

His shaft strikes home; the tell-tale color flushes Theo's cheeks.

"Then in that case I can only say Miss Dudley shows good taste," observes Sir James from the hearthrug, where he is glancing down the columns of a morning newspaper. "That bay of Major Leveson's is better worth looking at than anything in the stables. By-the-way, Leveson, where did you pick her up? You will never be satisfied with your gray, Dalzell, when you have seen Grace Darling."

Theo gives the Baronet one swift grateful glance.

"I shall never wonder again," she murmurs to herself as she makes a hurried exit from the room—"never again—why Cecilia married Sir James!"

* * * * * *

Four short December days have come and gone since Theo Dudley arrived at Chandos Court; but even four days have been long enough for a mere formal acquaintance to ripen into staunch friendship, and for the growing intimacy existing between Miss Dudley and Major Leveson to become patent to every inmate of the establishment, from Lady Chandos herself down to the very grooms of the stable, who are only too quick in noticing his many attentions, the anxiety with which he examines her girth and stirrup upon hunting mornings, and sundry other little matters which they really assign to the true cause.

Even when the fifth day dawns however Mr. Robert Dudley is still in a state of blissful unconsciousness, ignorant of Major Leveson's presence at Chandos Court and of the fact that Cupid is very busy with his bow, dispersing his arrows in the most cunning manner possible.

There is nothing in the hastily-written post-card from Theo, reminding him to be sure to bring her guitar with him—nothing in Lady Chandos's note, telling him that the carriage shall meet him by the 3-10 train that same afternoon—there is nothing in either of these epistles which could possibly give him the slightest clue to the truth; and so it is in the most con-

tented frame of mind he travels down into Blankshire that day, and arrives at the old Court in the best of spirits.

His reception is all that could be desired. Lady Chandos greets him with one of her most bewitching smiles, and expresses her regret that his niece and the rest of their guests have not yet returned from hunting.

"The meet was some distance off to-day; still, they ought to be back by now," she says, as the hall clock strikes four, and the footman appears with afternoon-tea. "I am anxious for you to see Theo, she is looking so much better. Do just look if you cannot see them coming up the broad avenue; there is a most magnificent view from the window."

Mr. Dudley turns away regretfully from his contemplation of the burning logs, and goes to the deep oriel window at the end of the room.

He is not particularly anxious for the speedy return of his niece; having come to the conclusion that Lady Chandos is "a most charming woman," he feels that a tete-a-tete cup of tea before the genial fire would be enjoyable.

However, any hopes he entertains upon the subject are instantly shattered, for the very moment he reaches the windows he sees two individuals on horseback riding slowly up the drive.

Certainly they are advancing very slowly; but, even if they came at a snail's pace, they must be in the room in three minutes' time!

"Do you see anybody, Mr. Dudley?" inquires Lady Chandos.

"Yes; I can see two equestrians," he answers, peering in the rapidly-gathering darkness. "One of them is my niece, I fancy," he adds, suddenly recognizing Theo in her neat little deerstalker and well-fitting habit; "but"—he starts, and mutters involuntarily to himself—"who on earth is that man by her side? Where have I seen him before?"

A sudden sense of fear possesses him, a terror which almost maddens him. It is—no, it cannot be; there is some mistake; it is merely a striking resemblance—for Philip Leveson is safely out of England, stationed at Gibraltar with his regiment!

The old man does not feel satisfied however; in a dazed bewildered fashion he makes some trifling excuse to Lady Chandos, and, hurrying out into the hall to meet them, arrives just in time to behold Major Leveson helping Theo from her horse.

There is some difficulty—what it is Mr. Dudley does not know, unless it is that her foot catches in the stirrup, or that her habit is not free of the pommel—for, as she makes a spring to the ground, she seems to miscalculate her distance, and, without a word of warning, falls straight into Major Leveson's outstretched arms.

It is an accident, of course; but surely Leveson holds her much longer than is absolutely necessary—surely he lingers over the task; while Theo only laughs, though his arm is still round her waist, and thanks him with the most captivating glance!

Mr. Dudley wonders what it all means, and turns back again dumfounded. He cannot take her away to-night nor to-morrow, but the day after, at least, he will invent some feasible excuse for getting Theo and himself safely back within the ivied walls of Oldstone Priory.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE is no meet on the following day therefore an expedition is arranged to a small neighboring town about eight miles away, where a large agricultural show is being held under the patronage of Sir James Chandos, Bart.

"I do not suppose it will be a very exciting affair," says Lady Chandos at breakfast when the plan is first mooted—"at least, I cannot say I have very much interest myself in roots and shorthorns, still it will be a nice drive, and we can have our afternoon-tea at the sweetest old black-and-white inn imaginable."

And so, with thoughts of the drive and tea in prospect, rather than with any desire to inspect the fat cattle and monster turnips they prepare to start off directly after luncheon, so as to be back in time for dinner.

As for Mr. Dudley, he listens in silence to the arrangements, smiling feebly when Sir James suggests setting out for a long day's shooting on the following morning.

Shooting—alas, the birds will not get a glimpse of his face this year! And yet, strange to say, he is not quite so despairing, so perplexed as he had felt the night before when he first discovered that Leveson was a guest at the house.

The morning has shown him things in a different light.

Theo seems so wholly indifferent to the attentions of Philip Leveson and so perfectly free from any of the airs and graces which Mr. Dudley has noticed young ladies usually adopt when they are in love, that he begins to think his first impressions were wrong—that there was nothing at which to take alarm.

Of course the very fact of the Major's being there is annoying; but then, since they have both given him their opinions so forcibly, so very candidly, upon the subject of Colonel Leveson's will, it is scarcely likely that, because they just happen to be visitors at the Court, they will straightway fall in love; and he feels sure that his fears were groundless.

Just before luncheon Jack Greville arrives, and Mr. Dudley observes the sudden change that comes over Theo's countenance.

"Yes, that is the way the wind blows, the cunning little puss!" he murmurs quite playfully to himself. "That is the young man I shall have to be giving my consent to before long."

Arguing thus, he does not harass himself any more, does not even trouble his head to see how the carriages are arranged for the afternoon expedition, until, as he is going down the drive on the box-seat of Sir James's drag, a dog-cart and a high-stepping bay dash past them, with Theo and the Major sitting contentedly side by side.

Theo is looking radiant; her dark soft fur and large beaver hat set off her fair peach-like complexion to perfection; and, as they pass, she laughs and waves her hand, while Leveson turns with a smile, and calls out—

"We shall win!"

These words sound like an omen to Mr. Dudley—a warning of coming evil; and, as if to further lacerate his feelings, he has the satisfaction of overhearing some one say—

"The sly beggar! I see now what Leveson was aiming at. Well, I wish him luck!"

"Luck!" echoes another voice. "Well, anyhow, I will bet ten to one the game is played out to-day."

Away far ahead the unconscious couple are whirling along quickly out of sight, while Theo's guardian sits powerless, watching the dog-cart disappear with set lips and a look of grim despair.

Eight miles! It means that quite an hour must elapse before he can possibly reach them; and, alas, what cannot they accomplish in that time?

"There—at any rate we shall not see anything more of those good people for the present!" the Major is saying at that identical moment. "We shall have the road to ourselves now."

"Yes; it is all very well having the road to ourselves," answers Theo, with slight symptoms of alarm, as the bay, which has grown somewhat excited, tosses up its head and speeds along at a furious pace; "but, even if we have, I do not think we want to run away."

"Do we not—are you quite sure about that?" inquires Leveson, with a gleam of amusement in his eyes.

An unusual inflection in his voice surprises Theo, and she looks up quickly.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, at least we should not run much danger of being caught. I do not think even Sir James and his coach and four would have the least chance of overtaking us."

"I do not know about that," returns the girl, with a frown. "I am afraid they would have much difficulty when we had come to grief against some stone wall, and were lying at our last gasp in the middle of the road."

"Now that is too bad," says Leveson reproachfully. "Surely you can give us a less narrowing end to our little escapade! Think of something better, please."

"No"—with a provoking smile—"that is what always does come of running away. I have nearly been killed twice in my life."

"Then surely we might be allowed a little variety this time"—looking down at her from his high driving-seat. "In the picture I have drawn, the truants run away without any disasters happening to them, the coach and four pursuers in vain, and they have just passed the Border, and paid their visit to the celebrated blacksmith, or chimney-sweep, or whoever it is who reigns supreme in that part of the country, when the infuriated relatives come dashing up."

Theo listens to the hypothetical little narrative in silence. Her heart beats violently; but, as he finishes speaking, she leans back with an air of calm indifference, and, drawing the rug more closely round her, answers lightly—

"Is not that rather a hackneyed winding-up—does it not strike you as being what is generally called penny-a-liner?"

"Why, do you mean to say you do not approve of my finish?" he exclaims, gazing down at her with an expression in his eyes which Theo does not recollect ever having seen there before.

"No, I do not!"—decidedly, averting her face. "But you would make your fortune if you only wrote one of those high-flown stories, or something thoroughly romantic and flowery."

The Major does not attempt to reply to this severe speech, but he gnaws his moustache, and brings down his whip with uncalled-for severity upon the flank of the innocent bay.

When Theo makes some trifling remark, after having proceeded quite half a mile along the road in silence, he answers abruptly and in the most uncompromising tone—indeed their manner toward each other is so exceedingly stiff that, could Robert Dudley only see them at this moment, his fears would be instantly allayed.

Unfortunately however for his piece of mind he has no such opportunity; and, by the time they reach their journey's end, the state of affairs has so changed that Mr. Dudley, who is standing in the doorway of the principal inn in the little town, waiting for their appearance, is conscious of a deeper sense of mortification as he sees the dog-cart rattling down the street.

"How very extraordinary! Why, you do not mean to say you are actually here before us?" exclaims Leveson, pulling up the bay.

Robert Dudley assumes his most imperious manner as he answers—

"Yes; we arrived half an hour ago."

"Ah, then you must have come another way! We preferred the 'Nag's Brow;' it is a much nicer drive altogether."

"No doubt," returns Mr. Dudley. "I believe it is reckoned to be quite four miles farther."

With this remark, he suddenly stepped in front of Major Leveson, and gives his hand to Theo to help her down.

Conversation becomes somewhat stilted and uncongenial as the three walk down to the building where the show is being held.

At the very first opportunity Theo manages to make her escape to Lady Chandos. Leveson follows her discreetly the moment that, by some happy chance, Mr. Dudley happens to be separated from him.

It is not until later in the afternoon, when they left the show, that Theo sees her uncle again, and then she is alone in the small sitting-room at the inn, warming herself before the fire before they start off upon their cold drive home.

"Yes; you had better get thoroughly warm—the carriages will be round directly," says he uncle. "By-the-bye, how do you return?"

"In the dog-cart, I suppose," she answers carelessly.

"With Leveson?" he inquires, in a peremptory tone.

"Yes, of course!"—with a decisive nod.

"Then let me advise you to drive with somebody else, my dear. People are beginning to talk. Every one has noticed your mad infatuation for him, and I cannot allow it to go on any longer. I feel that it is high time now that a stop is put to it."

"To put a stop to it—to what?" cries Theo in a tone so replete with scorn and indignation that for a moment her uncle is slightly nonplussed.

"Well, to this flirtation, my dear Theo—for I can call it nothing else," he replies; "though I would only too gladly try to believe for your sake, for the sake of the conditions of the will, that I am mistaken, that there is something in it; but unfortunately I know it would be useless. For, even if you regard the matter seriously, the Major does not; he means nothing whatever by it."

"And do you suppose that I do—that I care a pin's head whether I ever see him again or not?" returns Theo, with such an assumption of contempt that, but for her heightened color and suspiciously bright eyes, it would deceive even Robert Dudley himself.

"Then, for Heaven's sake, child, do not let Leveson make such a tool of you! Have some respect for yourself—do not make yourself the laughing-stock of the whole county; he is merely flirting with you; and to assure you of the truth of what I say, I will tell you that the reason he gave me for refusing to ask you to marry him was that there is somebody else—that in fact, from what I have heard since, he is secretly engaged."

Engaged! Has she suddenly taken leave of her senses—is she dreaming? Engaged! Oh, it cannot be true! And yet, like a funeral knell, Lady Clementina's words reverberate in her ears—

"Prior attachment."

Oh, why had she been so blind—why had she never thought that there was some truth in this before?

"Well, Theo, you will be guided by what I tell you—you will take my advice? Have nothing more to say to that fellow, and begin by refusing to return home with him this afternoon. Somebody else will drive you, I am sure. Ah, here is Mr. Greville!"—he breaks off abruptly, turning to Greville, who has just entered the room. "You will drive my niece home, will you not?"

"Certainly—I shall be delighted; my trap is waiting at the door now," the young man replies, successfully concealing the amazement he feels.

Theo follows him to the door, feeling dazed and bewildered; but a moment later she hears Major Leveson's voice, and suddenly realizes what she is doing.

"Are you ready to start, Major?" exclaims Sir James.

"Yes, at once."

The Major's answer is borne directly to her ears.

"I am only waiting for Miss Dudley."

"For Miss Dudley? Then I am afraid you will have to wait some time," lisps the Honorable Augustus Craven. "Greville has just told me that he is going to drive her home."

That is all she hears; but the next moment she sees Leveson spring into his high dog-cart, take the reins hurriedly from the groom, and, without a glance in her direction, start off at break-neck speed down the village street.

Miss Dudley does not appear in the drawing-room before dinner this evening; she has a bad headache, and hopes Lady Chandos will excuse her.

A sceptical smile passes over her uncle's face as he hears the message.

How well he has managed the whole affair! he thinks, glancing across the room towards Major Leveson, who is standing on the hearthrug, listening to a long and uninteresting piece of gossip from Lady Clementina and looking dreadfully bored.

Perhaps Mr. Dudley's satisfaction would have been even greater if he could have beheld Theo at that particular moment, sitting before the fire in her bed-room, staring dismally at the blazing coals, with the tears stealing slowly down her pale cheeks.

"I am so sorry your head is so bad," says the elder and plainer of the two Misses Gore, peeping into Theo's room on her way down stairs. "You ought to be better by to-morrow, though; we are expecting such a good run."

"Anyhow it will be a failure for me," answers Theo, with a lugubrious shake of her head. "Peters has just sent to tell me that poor Thundercloud strained his foot out exercising to-day, so that if I hunt I shall be obliged to ride Queen Bess."

"And she is so bad at fences now; I always tell Sir James her day is over. But why not ask Major Leveson to supply you with a mount?"—with a cynical smile. "I heard you were to have the use of his favorite mare whenever you wanted her. Dear me, I shall be late if I do not make haste! Ta, ta—so grieved you are so tired! I will send Perks with some new kind of smelling-salts that I have—a splendid thing for nerves!"—and, with a rustle and a flutter of her silken skirts, Miss Gore disappears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABSENT MINDEDNESS.

ABSENT mindedness is a very common affliction. We know a very wise clergyman, who was absent minded whenever he stowed away a large bunch of keys which he always carried. Directly he put them into his trousers pocket he forgot where they were.

He'd have some commotion for them, and then there always came a search of more or less rigor. His children and wife would be called in to help in the hunt. At the beginning some one would always say:

"Are you sure, papa, that you haven't them in your trousers pocket?" whereupon the old gentleman would become very indignant at the insinuation, and respond, "Of course not," but as sure as fate after examining every nook and corner all over the house, the keys would turn up in his pocket as usual.

There are numbers of people who wear spectacles and spend hours every day hunting for them, when they are securely resting on their nose. Doubtless many of our readers have a mother who has this peculiar species of absent mindedness.

A gentleman informed us that a few days ago he came to town for the particular purpose of posting a very important letter. He didn't wish to run any risk of having it delayed at all in the post office in the suburb where he resides.

He came some four or five miles—went straight to the post office, bought six stamps, which he remembered he was in need of, returned to his home with the important letter resting securely in his breast pocket!

A story used to be told many years ago of a merchant who was peculiarly subject to fits of absent mindedness. Once he was writing a letter, and thought, absent mindedly, that he had forgotten his correspondent's first name. Turning to one of his clerks, he said—

"What's John Jackson's first name?"

The clerk, accustomed to his employer's peculiarity, replied—

"John, sir."

The merchant wrote the letter, put it in an envelope, and was again at a loss. To the same clerk he said—

"Excuse me, Charles, I've forgotten John Jackson's last name."

But a better story than the above is told by a gentleman who was met by a friend one morning recently hurrying towards his home.

"What's the matter?" the friend asked.

"Oh, I've left my watch under my pillow, and I'm going to get it."

"You'll miss the train."

"Oh, no," was the absent-minded man's reply. "See, I've got four minutes yet," and he pulled out his watch to enforce the statement. And he didn't realize for several seconds what it was that made his friend laugh so heartily.

HIS TITLE OF NOBILITY.—Alexander Dumas has written a letter to a friend, in which he gives an amusing illustration of the way in which the humble French citizen seeks to attach to himself a title of nobility.

He had a friend by the name of Bernard, who all on a sudden appeared under the guise of M. de Chanteville.

"He sent me an invitation," says Dumas, "to a hunting party on his estate, and appended a postscript. 'You must not be surprised, or indulge in too much laughter, if you hear me addressed as M. de Chanteville.' He explained to me that, as he was the only landed proprietor within twenty miles who did not prefix a 'particle' to his name, he had found himself compelled to assume a mask of nobility, in order to be able to associate with his neighbors, the titles of most of whom had probably originated in just this way.

"'With my simple name of Bernard,' he said, 'the game beaters would have taken me for one of themselves, and even the hound servants would not have recognized me.'

"'But why the name of Chanteville?' I inquired.

"'I discovered in the papers of my ancestors that my paternal grandmother was to have married a M. de Chanteville. The marriage never took place, owing to the death of the suitor. Had he survived, my grandmother would have wedded him, my father would have borne the name of De Chanteville, and so should I. I revive this name to which no one can lay claim, and I really bear it credibly.'

"The explanation was satisfactory. When my friend died, the family retained the name of De Chanteville, and so the title was consecrated."

A MAN'S faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy.

WHY DID WE MEET?

Why did we meet, if, after all,
Our joys were not to be complete?
If love were thus to faint and fall—
Why did we meet?

If I had gone with flying feet,
To place between us wave and wall
When first I saw you in the street,

My mem'ry would not now recall
A meeting that seemed once so sweet.
Ah, love, who holds my heart in thrall!
Why did we meet?

SOPHY.

BY S. U. W.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. FRENCH'S story was as follows. To begin with, he arrived in London a day sooner than he had expected. Some delay arising at the station there, about his luggage, he had left his valet to bring it by the next train, and himself came straight down to Madderaley. He walked from the station.

He had stayed at Sweetfields as a child, so knew the place well, and when he reached the turning which leads into Mill Lane, the fancy seized him to take that way instead of bearing on along the Cranley high-road and entering by the front gates.

"I wanted to surprise you all," he said to his uncle, "well—I succeeded. I loitered down Mill Lane, I crossed the bridge; I came to the door into Fir Walk. It used to be kept locked; I found it ajar. I walked in. I wondered if it could be the same place; I remembered a forest. I pushed down through the plantation till I got to a sort of little open space; I caught a glimpse of the house from there; I started at the house—I was leaning, you must understand, against a tree, in a sentimental attitude I dare say—I heard nothing, saw nothing, then or afterwards, but the next thing I knew, I had a bullet in me."

Mr. Charlesworth, as may be supposed, made all the efforts imaginable to trace this mysterious disaster to its origin; his pains were lost; nothing could be discovered. Mr. French, of course, had looked about here and there, on finding he was shot, but the fir-trees closing pretty thickly round the place where he described himself to have stood, the hour too, that of evening, an adroit person would be very likely to evade his solitary search, it was cut short, moreover, by his disabled condition and altogether the escape of the culprit at that moment, could not surprise us.

The privacy of the place and absence of motive gave the thing a plain character of accident; malice or intent to rob being out of the question.

Mr. Grandire was convinced that some scapegrace boy had been trespassing in the fir-walk, with his eye on small game, owls or rabbits; this had the sound of a credible supposition, and as time went on, Mr. Charlesworth was obliged to content himself with it, and even offered a free pardon to anyone who should come forward and confess himself such a trespasser and the unwitting cause of Mr. French's wound; the offer fell on silence.

As for Mr. French, he took the whole affair very lightly. Young as he was, barely past twenty-one, he had already been about the world a good deal, and some strange rough experiences had fallen to his lot.

I was often in the room, waiting on him; he liked to talk, and his conversation was something new to me.

He had gay spirits which confinement and forced inaction could not exhaust; a tongue, he used how he pleased; a giving hand; a look so attractive, children loved him directly; fanciful, reserved, little Lulu courted his kisses.

It was a pity he could not be present at Lauretta's wedding; his liveliness was sadly wanted on the occasion. Mr. Grandire's agitation made him nervous and stiff; his cousin, who came with him as groomsman, was shy; only Lauretta smiled pretty as a rosebud.

Sophy's picture would have done almost as well as her presence, she kept so silent and unapproachably grave; Mr. Charlesworth did not fill the post of official father to the bride gracefully, though, as we all know, he had shown her enough paternal kindness in fact.

Miss Delamayn seemed endeavoring to compose a suitable countenance, but unable to please herself; Lulu had a fit of crying in the church and scattered her bouquet in shreds on the floor; I could have wept as I attempted to soothe her, I felt unutterably sad.

Well, however, we had done it. Mr. Grandire's face had a ray of serene happiness as he put Lauretta into the carriage. I found afterwards she had promised Sophy not to shed tears at the last, and she kept her word; I could see it cost her a struggle, but Mr. Grandire, just at the right moment, kissing Sophy and reminding her that at the end of three months she was to be their guest in Ireland, Lauretta suddenly was all joy again, and so these two parted.

And now Sophy's character showed, as it were, a new face; I do not know what expression to use.

The lonely, uncomplying humor which no one but Lauretta could really understand or influence, forsook her; she grew very gentle in these days, I had almost said submissive; her voice took a less decided tone; her eyes got a pensive, shadowy look.

Miss Dlamayn said "Sophy is improving extremely," and the change might be a good one in some respects, but it did not please me.

For one thing, I had an odd sensation as if something in the Sophy I knew had been extinguished, and I wanted her back as she used to be, if but for one day; for another, she was gradually but steadily losing flesh.

Mr. French made a very quick recovery, and perhaps you feel a little curious to know how this young man and Sophy got on together.

He admired her, no doubt; no one needed to wonder at that, for her appearance was now remarkably attractive, and as soon as he was up and about he seemed to find the chief business of his days in endeavoring to dissipate the deep-seated, painful shyness which marked Sophy's manner towards him.

Nothing could be more unlike her; indifference, not timidity, prevented her from making friends as a rule, but she could not master or conceal the feeling in her necessary intercourse with Mr. Fabian French.

I say necessary, because at first she kept from him as much as possible, and this conduct and her averted gaze and short replies, when he resolutely engaged her in conversation, would have appeared to mean dislike, for something strangely soft and even meek that mingled with it all.

Instead of being repelled by this shrinking and holding off, it acted on Mr. French like a charm, and, as I said before, he spent himself devotedly, sanguinely, too, on the task of bringing about an easier state of things between them. Mr. French was a trifle effeminate in his person—I mean only as to looks; he had plenty of strength as far as I could possibly see.

His liberality made him popular in the house, and not a soul but praised him up for sweetness of temper; indeed, little things did not vex him; but he was fond of having his own will in his own way as any one I ever saw, and most ingenious and painstaking always in that pursuit.

He had a restless nature, too, which would have put me to the use of all my patience if I had been much in his company: Sophy, it is likely, viewed him with different eyes.

I was teaching her to knit; Mr. French would come in the nursery, making a pretext of Lulu, who always had her charming face on for "dear Fabian," as she was pleased to call him, and the child being set on his knee, he used to remain as long as half an hour at a time, and entertain us with his stories.

He artfully made as if addressing me rather than my young lady; Sophy kept close to her work on the whole; sometimes however, she would glance up in a way which showed that she was deeply interested, or being lured to put a question; these were Mr. French's moments of his greatest triumph.

Then he took to silently anticipating her few wishes, for all the world as if a spirit informed him of them, it looked magical; and thus, what with his determination to please, and the gift I admit he had that way I could not be surprised to notice Sophy begin to yield a little, slowly and with inexplicable pangs of reluctance, yet it was yielding.

I watched in a sober frame of mind; I heard enough and too much downstairs about Miss Laghi and Mr. French; Miss Delamayn had gone so far as to remark to me that it would be a grand match for Sophy; Mr. Charlesworth, meanwhile, gave no more observation to the behavior of his nephew and step-daughter than if they had been merry companions under twelve. I watched, and I puzzled over Sophy and I doubted Mr. French.

I thought that perhaps he only occupied himself with her because in our quiet house he was at a total loss for other diversion; a deep attachment, I fancied, would be differently shown.

Mr. French was to declared and forward, and, if I make myself understood, too clever in the manner of his attentions, for me.

One morning, when we were getting to the end of November, I took Lulu out to play ball on the gravelled terrace.

The noonday sun shone quite warm out of a pale blue sky, and with the pleasant rays full on her, Sophy, in her cap and black cloak lined with fur, stood leaning against one of the stone pillars at the foot of the wide flight of steps which leads up from the terrace to the glass doors of the drawing-room.

She had a history-book in her hand, which she was studying for Miss Delamayn; the governess was to stay at Sweetfields until the Christmas vacation, and after that return no more, Sophy now being just eighteen.

It was not long, you may be sure, before Mr. French appeared on the scene. He came from the drawing-room, and taking his stand behind Sophy, affected to be reading out of her book.

Sophy blushed a little, turned with a distant yet gentle air, and offered him the volume; he took it, but closed it instantly, and, as I could guess, though of course I did not overhear their talk, fell to urging on her some plan he had in his head.

He seemed very earnest, and spoke fast; the winter light struck sharp on his face and Sophy's; Lulu ran past them with her many-colored ball; I see it like a picture.

Celia came round the house and said that Mr. Charlesworth wanted me in the morning-room. I gave permission for her to keep Lulu out another ten minutes and went at once.

Mr. Charlesworth, with a troubled face, was leaning back in his chair by the fire; opposite stood a woman from the Clock Cottage, a little house at the top of Mill Lane, so called because there was a round clock over the door, which old Mr. Charlesworth, at the time when he worked on the farm himself, had caused to be put up for the convenience of his laborers; it was out of order now; but all of this is of no importance.

The woman's name was Davis, and she had little Ada Davis, an orphan niece of her husband's who lived with them, by the hand. I knew the girl well; she was nine or ten years old.

"Here has this child come to make a statement, Ellen," said Mr. Charlesworth, "about someone she saw—a stranger—in the fir-walk, on the 27th of September—the day Mr. French was shot. It looks odd, I don't know why she has waited so long, but of course I will hear her story, and the aunt says you can speak well of the child; is that so?"

Ada was a wild little gipsy, always in trouble with Mrs. Davis herself, but I considered her an innocent creature, and now said as much, and I crossed to Mr. Charlesworth's elbow, and suggested that the little girl I thought would speak more at her ease if her aunt were not in the room.

Mr. Charlesworth nodded and rang the bell at his side.

"Take Mrs. Davis into the housekeeper's room," he said when the butler came; "give her a glass of wine. We need not trouble you to wait Mrs. Davis."

She looked sourly at this, but had no help for it, and curtseyed herself out of the room. I would have followed her.

"No, Ellen," said Mr. Charlesworth, "oblige me by remaining. Tell the child to come closer."

I stood near Mr. Charlesworth's chair, and told Ada to come up and speak to the gentleman; as she obeyed, Sophy appeared, followed by Mr. French.

She caught her foot, at entering, in a loose piece of carpet, slipped, and would have fallen forward if Mr. French had not grasped her by the arm.

I should have expected this to put her out a little, but instead, she turned, and I saw her face gleam on his for a moment with its lovely Italian smile—Italian, I take leave to call it; she never looked so but she put me in mind of her partly foreign origin.

"What is the play?" asked Mr. French, when they were well inside the room, "do we intrude? why do you both look so solemn on that utterably helpless village-girl?"

Mr. Charlesworth briefly explained the matter to his nephew.

The young man shrugged his shoulders, "Oh!" he said lightly, "I though that was forgotten."

I was terrified to see Sophy lose her color and sink, gasping for breath, upon an ottoman in the window.

And then she struggled: she put forth all her native power; she got the better of that betraying agony; I trembled to watch her, but in a minute, the worst was over; Sophy sat up, pale, looking down, wretched, but composed and on her guard.

Mr. French was standing near her, but he had his eyes fixed on the child; Mr. Charlesworth noticed nothing. I felt as if I should faint or cry out; I did neither.

"Well, Ada Davis," began Mr. Charlesworth in his mild accent, "what have you got to say?"

"I'll never do it again," whispered Ada.

"Don't be frightened. No one here will be angry with you, and if you are careful to speak the truth, you shall have five shillings."

Ada turned red.

"I went in the fir-walk," she said very rapidly, "along of myself, to look for cuckoos."

"Cuckoos!" said Mr. Charlesworth with a sigh.

"She means fir-cones, sir," I interposed mildly.

"Oh! well, you went to look for fir-cones, and what did you see?" asked Mr. Charlesworth.

Mr. French was leaning near the window watching the child; evidently she amused him.

Sophy sat motionless, and to a careless observer would have appeared simply uninterested.

"I saw a man," said Ada.

"What sort of a man?" Mr. Charlesworth inquired.

"A gentleman."

"Go on. No, wait a minute. You know Ada Davis, that if you were to invent a tale and bring it here, you would be acting very wickedly?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. French shook his head slightly, in some impatience, at his uncle's want of discernment.

"She is speaking the truth," he said—"eh, Ellen?"

"I should say so, sir," I replied. "What did you do when you saw the gentleman, Ada?"

"I was frightened," cried Ada, answering me much more promptly than when she had to address Mr. Charlesworth. "I did."

Mr. Charlesworth signed to me to continue questioning her.

"And what did he do?" I said.

"He got in the trees, and then I crept away through the field, and climbed out in the road where there was a bit of the paling's off at the top, and dropped all my cuckoos."

"What was the gentleman like?"

The child's eye grew narrow.

"I never saw him before," she said.

"Was he small?"

"As tall as him," said Ada, pointing to Mr. French. "Not so light. Wider along. He had a nice coat and spotty blue tie, and a stick with a blue top."

"I am sure I saw him too," I exclaimed. "In the town—on the same day."

Sophy raised her head.

"What time were you in the fir-walk, little one?" asked Mr. French.

"I don't know, sir."

"Nonsense, my dear. I admire your curls; they are like barley-sugar; but you must learn to think."

Ada looked at Mr. French with a saucy smile.

"Yes, sir; I remember now," she said; "Mr. Orford" (that was the curate of St. Mary's, Upper Madderaley) "went by running down Mill Lane, to meet a funeral, as if he was late, and Fanny Meads was going to see it at the cimmentary, so she wouldn't stop with me, and the funeral was a quarter to three."

"Well done," said Mr. French, "And I," he went on, turning to his uncle, "as I came into the fir-walk, heard your stable clock strike seven. We have had enough of this, with your leave; let the witness stand down."

Sophy rose, and hurried quickly from the room.

"It seems an odd sort of coincidence, though," said Mr. Charlesworth. "Why did you not mention this sooner?" he inquired of Ada Davis.

"I thought aunt would give it to me for being in the fir-walk."

"Then what made you speak now?" he asked again.

"I told Fanny Meads in a secret," said Ada pouting, "and she went and told aunt and uncle, and they said that I was to tell you. Fanny Meads and me aren't friends now."

Mr. Charlesworth began again perplexing himself with useless conjectures: Mr. French was deep in thoughts of another nature, but when his uncle made a direct appeal to him, he replied readily:

"Your fir-walk is pretty, and if you don't keep the door locked, you must expect cuckoo-hunting maidens and tourists with spotted ties and other strange characters to get in."

I heard no more; Mr. Charlesworth giving Ada Davis the promised five shillings, and Mr. French adding five more to them, I took the happy child away.

What could I think? I felt fixed at my secret heart, the certainty that in spite of times not agreeing and other evident improbabilities on the surface of the thing, the over-dressed stranger seen by Ada Davis in the fir-walk and by myself, that same day in Madderaley town, had some connection with the accident, if accident indeed it were, sustained by Mr. French on the twenty-seventh of September.

I also was sure that Sophy knew the truth, that it affected the sisters in some way, and that Sophy, for a reason not to be imagined by me, held herself bound to keep it concealed.

Oh! what a strong reason she must esteem it, thought I; what a sacred one! for I had seen this girl, it must be remembered, from an age when she was almost a child, and I say that she had sincerity wrought in with her soul, and marked on her brow.

Sophy was sincere, her faults and her virtues all partook of one quality, none who knew her would deny it. Poor Sophy! poor erring, devoted, tortured, motherless girl! I leave it to others to condemn her.

I learnt that when Mr. French joined Sophy on the terrace, as I have described, he was, after all, only persuading her to ride with him in the afternoon, and Sophy at the time had given way; but before the luncheon-hour, she sent down word that her head ached, and she would not leave her room, she desired to be perfectly quiet: Celia, who was her messenger, told me she repeated that twice over, and so I dared not disturb her.

I spent a weary afternoon, sitting alone in the nursery, at my needle; Lulu was gone, attended by Celia, to drink tea at the vicarage; I sat and saw the bright short-lived sun decline, and stitched on incessantly, but with none of the usual interest in my work, a frock I had in hand for the child; it was all one to me what I did.

There was a tap at the door, and Mr. French came in, returned from his ride. He said, where was the little one? and without waiting for a reply, inquired after Sophy.

I told him that I had not been to my young lady yet, but intended soon to get ready a cup of tea, and take it round to her room.

Instead of going away as soon as these speeches had been exchanged between us, Mr. French walked to the window and stood there with his back to me, looking out at the prospect, pleasant even in that leafless season, of rivulet skirting lawn, and beyond, wide pasture-meadows, and further yet, the dark fir-walk.

He stood so perhaps a minute, and then came, as if in a musing fit, to the chimney-piece at one corner of which I was sitting, and leaned back against it—all this in complete silence, for it was not my place to make a remark, and I worked on as if by myself.

However, after a while, I could not help looking up at him, and met his brilliant blue eyes fixed on my face with a disconcertingly direct sharp gaze.

"Well, Ellen," he said immediately, "do you think I have any chance?"

"I don't understand you, sir," I answered in a hurry, but my conscience reproached me, and I added, "or if I do, I am sure it does not become my position that I should."

Mr. French laughed shortly, though he was in no laughing mood, and went on, still looking hard into my face.

"That is admirable," he said, "but suppose we forget your position for once and remember only that you know more of your young lady than anyone else in this house; more than my excellent uncle, more than the monumental-browed governess, more, though I have studied deeply, Ellen, than I myself. I repeat, and I don't want to hear about your position, have I any chance?"

I thought his speaking to me, in this open way, so extraordinary, and yet he did it, as if it were the most matter-of-course thing in the world; I was so flattered to find that he had, as I could not believe now, set his heart seriously on winning Sophy; I felt at the same time so blindly, heavily conscious of something wrong which complicated matters, and of which Mr. French knew nothing at all; I say, with this rush of mingled sensations, my brain was in such a maze, that speech was impossible at first, till, Mr. French waiting and his searching expectant eye on me, I got a little rid of my agitation and replied:

"I have nothing to say on the subject, sir, but this—God bless Miss Sophy and send her happy."

"Amen! by all means," said Mr. French; "but religious, scrupulous, flawless model of discretion though you be Ellen" (these were his exact words), "I fail to see why you object——"

He broke off; he heard her step before I did; the door was slowly opened and Sophy came in.

Trifling things strike us at strange moments; as she appeared, I do not know why, the reflection crossed my mind that Mr. French had never seen Sophy except in black; it did not misbecome her, but white was the wear I preferred for her in summer, and in winter rich shades of red.

Sophy's features were still set and her eyes half closed; her dark hair, which grew so thickly it was not easy to manage, dropped forward in disorder, partly over her brow; I saw that she had forgotten to smooth it before leaving her room.

She had a withdrawn, hopeless, calm, deliberate look; Mr. French surveyed her and, for the first time that I ever saw him at such a loss, changed countenance and said nothing.

I mended the fire; Sophy chafed her hands at the blaze, though they were burning hot already, as I could see; and then she raised herself from her stooping posture and looked at Mr. French.

"I have something very important to tell you," she said, in a low but still a clear voice.

"Oh! what you please, Sophy," he murmured; the high-spirited, assured young man was in a tremor, his brow bent; from under it, he darted wavering glances at the girl, as if he could not wait for her to speak, and yet wished to avoid hearing. It was Sophy's manner affected him this way; she spoke and acted like a person returned from another world.

"Will you like to go in the drawing-room, Miss Sophy?" I asked, thinking she had forgotten I was there.

"No, Ellen," she said softly, "I want you."

And her eyes unconsciously sought my face as if she took comfort and a sense of protection from my being near; she did not move a finger, only gave me that glance; but I have never forgotten it, and I think I never will.

She took her place on my low nursing-chair, and Mr. French remained standing by the chimney-piece; I moved with my work, a little behind Sophy; she began, leaning her head on her hand and looking into the fire.

"It is something," she said, "which does not only concern me, or it would be no secret. It is a secret—the whole of it. Will you please remember?"

Mr. French answered this by a look which satisfied Sophy.

"Ellen," she continued, without turning her head, "you know that evening when Mr. Grandire was here and Laury and I came home in trouble, from walking in Mill Lane?"

"Yes, Miss Sophy."

"I must go back a little," she said, "or you'll not understand. We were unhappy sometimes at the farm where we lived with Uncle Basil before coming to Sweetfields; especially Laury did not like it. There was a man we used to know when we were little; he was a younger brother of mamma's second husband; his name was Alfred Blay. We had not seen him since, but he got a place in an office at Farnyfroot—that was the town nearest to us—and he made friends with us again, out walking; he could not come to the farm house, because Uncle Basil said all the Blays were as bad as they knew how to be. Laury was sixteen and I was fourteen. He and Laury used to write to one another, and Laury fancied she liked him, and at last he persuaded her to go away with him. Uncle had been very unkind to Laury that day, and Alfred Blay said they could be married in France, and he promised to return in a week and is oh me over; Laury would not leave me without that. She was not to have told me, but she did, the night before; we were awake all night, and I begged and cried so much by morning she had given it up.

"We knew now that Alfred Blay was all falsehood, so we cannot tell what he really intended to do. Laury sent a boy with a note to the place where he was waiting with a tax-cart on the Farnyfroot road; he came up to the farm in the evening, because he thought Uncle Basil would be out, but uncle was at home, and he saw Alfred Blay and set the dogs on him. After that, we were ordered not to walk outside the gates, unless the housekeeper could go with us. We heard soon that Alfred Blay was dismissed at the office at Farnyfroot for some bad conduct; Laury hated to hear his name, and when we came away, she seemed to forget him altogether. We saw him no more, till that evening in Mill Lane."

The melancholy even voice came to a pause; Sophy changed her attitude; she leaned back and pushed the heavy locks from her forehead.

Mr. French's face was extremely flushed, but he looked greatly relieved, and when Sophy was silent, he said gently:

"And did this wretched scoundrel want money?"

"Yes," said Sophy; "he had Laury's letters, and he said he thought of sending them to Mr. Grandire, as he felt sure he would get a good price for them. I wanted so much to tell Henry, for Laury had done nothing wrong, and she was only sixteen; but there was a misfortune. Henry had very strict ideas, and when Laury was first engaged to him, he told her that he had always said he would take his wife out of a convent; but he used to hear her describe our wild lonely life at the farm, and afterwards how quiet we were at Sweetfields, and he thought she must have been kept as well from the world as in any convent, and he asked her if she had ever—ever ——"

Sophy faltered.

"Ever played a part in any sort of love-affair," said Mr. French without the slightest hesitation, and more and more recovering his usual self; "and she said, no, of course. Oh, Grandire!"

"So, when I looked at Alfred Blay," Sophy went wearily on, "and thought of some of the words in Laury's letters and called Henry to mind, I could not help agreeing with her, that if he were told now and saw the letters, he would not go on with the marriage, and though, if I had been in her place, I would rather—but that's nothing; was Laury's heart to break? Alfred Blay said that if he had his expenses paid, and something to start with, he would go to Australia; we gave him all the money we had, but it was not nearly enough: then we wrote to a person we knew in Farnyfroot, and asked him to lend us a certain sum in confidence and we would pay it back with interest by degrees. She sent the money, and I took it myself, one Sunday evening to Alfred Blay in the garden of the mill-farm; I did best without poor Laury. He said he had a good offer to go out with a friend and learn sheep-farming, and they would sail in three days, and he burnt the letters in my presence; but he did not really burn them. He showed me a packet made up exactly like the other, but with only one of Laury's letters at the top and another at the bottom, and he kept the rest. I never thought of that. Then on the 27th, in the morning, I got a letter admitting that he had done so, as the temptation was too great, and he asked me to meet him at a quarter to three in the Mill Walk. I did not tell Laury. He was much better dressed and behaved differently; he said he could not make up his mind to go to Australia and he had a stroke of luck with his money in London. I asked him why, if he did not want more money, he came again to torment us, and I must make haste back I told him, and he said very well; but I would meet him at seven that evening in the same place; and then," said Sophy, still with the far-off look and voice, in half-apathy, "he began to make love to me."

Mr. French started forward with a violent execration; a flame sprang for one instant into Sophy's pale face and faded again, and she said, "Hush! he did not come—he did not come again; that evening he was dead."

"Dead—how dead?" cried Mr. French, standing close in front of her. "I don't care how—but how?"

"He was killed crossing the railway-line at Seventrees Slope," said Sophy, "he took the short cut from Maddersley here, and he was killed at Seventrees Slope. I don't know about the letters, but they were signed with a pet name, not like Laury's own—a stranger would learn nothing from them, and I suppose they have been destroyed."

There was a short silence after this; we were now between twilight and firelight. Mr. French bent down and whispered to Sophy, on which she suddenly rose from her chair and half-crossed the room.

There she turned and looked back towards him, yet her face and form were as if drawn away.

"Cast every thought you have had of me out of your heart," she said in a strong piercing voice. "It was I who fired the shot that struck you in Fir Walk; I took you for the man I went to meet, it was evening and you stood in the same place, you leant against the very tree. I meant to kill him, and if you had not moved as I"—she broke off—"Oh, I did not plan it," she wailed, wringing her hands. "I had no thoughts, I could not think, my blood sang in my head, I dragged myself to meet him, and my bad angel put the pistol in my way—I was used to firearms, uncle taught me as a child."

Mr. French stood motionless and perfectly pale, I could not see his features clearly.

"I am guilty—a guilty creature," said Sophy, her head sinking forward. "and I cannot declare it, I must live out a life. And you don't feel your wound now?" she went on, addressing herself with melancholy tenderness to Fabian French; "and lately, I don't know how, neither have I so much felt it, but this morning the words of a harmless child struck me down in your presence, and you did not see, you did not suspect—when would you suspect? I shall feel better directly," she said hurriedly—"better now you know; and Laury's secret—Laury's secret——"

A wandering, frightened look came in her face, she breathed very hard and quick and laid both hands against her side.

I ran, seeing she would fall, but Fabian French was before me, he caught her in his arms.

"Sophy, Sophy!" he said.

He repeated her name again and again with words of love, and soothed her; but another moment and it needed not, Sophy's life on earth was done.

[THE END.]

A BIRD CATCHER AT WORK.

HE was a foxy-looking man—cunning and heartless and low.

Near him were the dead bodies of small birds, which apparently had been killed with as little compunction as a cat clutches a sparrow, or as a fox walks off with a fine chanticleer or a nice robust hen.

Near him also were several little cages, from which feathered flutterers vainly endeavored to escape.

Ah! the sharp, practised eye of the foxy one has detected an innocent victim swooping near the nets which were lying spread out over the grass a little distance before him.

Nearer and nearer flies the unsuspecting bird. All is safe enough, surely! There are other birds fluttering in cages around the nets, and flying over or near them! Down he flies! Quick! a string is pulled; the nets rise and then fall.

Ah, the bird wings his way upward just in time to escape them, and away it takes its flight in the wide vault of heaven!

Perhaps you are glad! Perhaps the foxy one is—well not glad. But the cages and dead birds are presumably proofs of his questionable skill.

What is done with these birds? Oh, they will make a nice little stew! It struck us that these little birds lately careering so blithely through the air might probably, when plucked of their plumage, make their appearance somewhere as "larks."

Who could tell the difference between, say, a chaffinch and a lark when innocent of their feathers? Not many persons, we fancy.

The foxy one was a bird catcher. He had been at the business for forty years, and numbers of "feathered songsters" must have fallen victims to him. His complete method of operations is explained in a few words.

He has two large nets spread on the ground, and so arranged that when he pulls a string which runs along the ground some little distance they rise and quickly fall, enclosing the unhappy bird should it not have been quick in escaping.

But how are the birds attracted to these nets? Therein lies a strange and skilful trick. They are attracted by decoy birds. But how?

Watch the foxy one. He pulls another string, and up starts a little bird about or above the nets, the wings outspread, and soon again subsides. This bird is "braced" or harnessed, and a string is affixed so that it is under the control of the foxy one. The bracing of the bird is accomplished so that it is not hurt, but little "braces" are placed round its body, leaving the wings free. Though there is, it is said, no pain to the bird, yet it seems to us horribly cruel. The appearance of the bird is as though it were fluttering or flying a little over food. Others, fluttering in small cages, are placed round the nets.

So successful is the foxy one in his calling that according to his statement, he has caught ten or twelve dozen in one day! We are inclined to regard this as an exaggeration, or at least as a very exceptional experience.

Let us hope it is so. Nevertheless, the dead birds lying on the grass and the fluttering ones in captivity testified to the bird-catcher's skill.

The prices for his spoils differ widely. A cock goldfinch would fetch half a dollar; a hen chaffinch as little as a penny or two-cents.

These dead birds are used for food, and the feathers possibly for trimming ladies hats and head gear.

CORONERS' JURIES.—A coroner's jury in the Wild West heard all the evidence in the case of a man killed by a runaway team, and brought in the following verdict: "The jury finds the dead deceased to have come to his death at the hands of a runaway team, the horses thereof being blameless, they being frightened by a dog."

Another jury deliberated three hours over the corpse of a woman burned by the explosion of a kerosene lamp. The following verdict was then announced in writing: "Resolved that the diseases was burnt to deth. The joory."

A man, supposed to be a tramp, was found dead in the woods. A jury reported as follows: "The jury does not find that the man has been foully dealt with, and is of the opinion that he died simply because his time had come and there was no getting out of it."

Scientific and Useful.

IRON-RUST.—To remove iron-rust from marble, use a solution of one part of nitric acid in twenty-five parts of water, and apply carefully to spots only, then rinse with water and ammonia.

BLEACHING IVORY.—To bleach ivory, place the ivory in a saturated solution of alum for an hour. Polish with a woollen cloth and wrap in linen to dry. Or, use peroxide of hydrogen; to one pint add one ounce aqua ammonia. Warm, soak the ivory for twenty-four hours; wipe and polish with chalk.

FOR GLASS.—An unbreakable substitute for glass is made in Paris by immersing wire gauze in a heated state in a thin paste formed of soluble glass, gelatine and glycerine, or glucose, in proportions varying according to the use for which the material is designed. When nearly dry, the sheets are dipped in a concentrated solution of chrome-alum or bichromate of potash.

FOR SORE FEET.—Policemen, mail-carriers and others whose occupation keeps them on their feet a great deal are troubled with chafed, sore and blistered feet, especially in extremely hot weather, no matter how comfortably their shoes may fit. A powder is used in the German army for sifting into the shoes and stockings of the foot soldiers, and consists of three parts of salicylic acid, ten parts starch and eighty-seven parts of soapstone. It keeps the feet dry, prevents chafing and rapidly heals sore spots. Finely pulverized soapstone alone is very good.

COAL-CUTTING MACHINES.—The inventor of coal cutting machinery, and the first to operate compressed air in mines for this purpose, has now adopted electricity in place of air. The motor, which has been operated in the mine 1,600 feet away from the dynamo, is connected with the cutter by a five-eighths-inch rope belt. By mounting the motor on a track so that it can be easily moved, it is able to run three cutting machines, for coal may be removed from two of the rooms while the motor is at work in the third. It has been estimated that the cost of equipping a mine for the purposes of operating machinery with electricity is only about one-half the cost of equipping with compressed air, and the price of maintenance shows about the same proportion of saving.

Farm and Garden.

IN THE SUN.—Leaving the wagons and tools out in the sun is often the cause of some of the parts becoming loose. The best seasoned wood is affected by moisture and dryness, and all tools and implements not in use should be kept under cover.

EXPERIMENTS.—Trying experiments in order to determine how to reduce the manure to a fine condition will always pay. The value of manure depends largely on its condition. All work necessary to have the manure ready should be done in winter.

HAY.—If your supply of hay is short use your straw and corn fodder as part of the daily ration. Any deficiency in the coarse food can be supplied with grain. In fact, any ration can be balanced by the judicious use of ground grain and cottonseed or linseed meal.

EGGS.—The way to prevent soft shell eggs is to feed food rich in lime. The grains are deficient in that mineral. If you feed too much grain you give too much starch, and soon the hens will be overfat. They cannot lay unless provided with material for eggs. Fat is useless on a laying hen. Her business is to convert the proper materials—meat, milk and clover—into eggs.

THE CHEAPEST PORK.—The cheapest pork is made by the wise use of clover pasture. The composition of the plants meets the wants of the animal system to make a rapid growth. The season favoring the growth of the plant is most favorable to animal growth, particularly swine, when they have good shade and water. The animal digestive organs do not convert themselves into a furnace as in the winter to keep the body warm.

THE ROADS.—The road tax is one that returns fourfold to the farmer, if rightly applied, which would be the case if the farmers themselves would take more interest in the matter. This is the season for hauling gravel on the roads, and ditches should be dug along the sides for carrying off the water. A well-graveled road should be serviceable the entire year and show no effects of use except when the frost is leaving the ground.

FERTILIZERS.—There is a large amount of waste material that can be added to the manure heap with advantage, and during the warm days of summer the materials very quickly decompose. Weeds can be profitably raked up and added to the manure heap, provided they are not ready to seed, and even then a well-managed heap will destroy the seeds. The most important requisite with manure is to have it as fine as possible, and, with this object in view, the hay left over or trampled should be cut. The straw used for bedding will be most serviceable if cut for that purpose, and will also more readily act as an absorbent in the manure heap. It must not be overlooked that the liquids are more valuable than the solids, and the best mode of retaining the liquids is to use absorbent materials.

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Of Happiness.

We have been formed with various desires for the different objects around us. The gratification of these desires is called happiness, or pleasure.

Thus we are fond of particular kinds of food and drink, of music, of colors and scenery; these are called pleasures of sense.

We are pleased with reading and knowledge, with poetry and eloquence; these are called pleasures of intellect.

We are made happy by the society of our friends and relations; these are called social pleasures.

And lastly, we derive happiness from doing right and from being virtuous; this is called moral pleasure.

Now, inasmuch as it was intended we should be made happy from all these sources, and from all these objects around us, it is evident that we are to enjoy them all, that is, to be made happy by them.

Thus we are meant to derive one sort of happiness from things that we see and hear and taste; another from things that we read or think about; another from our friends and relations, and another from doing right.

But, it is always to be remarked, that while all these are sources of happiness, and are designed to be such, they are manifestly designed to be such only within certain limits.

Thus, though the love of food is designed to be a source of happiness, it is found that, if food be partaken of beyond a certain quantity, it produces disgust, sickness and death. And not only so, but if taken in improper quantities, it also destroys our capacity for intellectual and moral pleasure.

If intellectual pleasures be pursued beyond a certain limit, the power of intellectual gratification is weakened, and if pursued to the utmost, the result is derangement.

And even moral pleasures, as, for instance, devotion, may in our present state be pursued so far as to injure the health, and produce despondency and distrust, instead of real cheerful, active and useful piety.

Hence, while it is true that the gratification of our desires is human happiness, and that they were designed to be gratified, it is also true that human happiness consists in the gratification of those desires within proper limits.

So soon as we transgress these, the result is not happiness, but misery. And hence the greatest happiness of which we are susceptible is to be found in subjecting ourselves to the moral, social, intellectual and physical laws which have been ordained.

As soon as we begin to pursue any gratification in a manner, or to an extent, at variance with the laws of our creation, we always make ourselves miserable.

The most unhappy class of persons on earth are those who live for nothing else but amusement, and without any regard to law.

Hence, if persons wish to be happy, they ought to observe several rules.

They ought to be temperate, that is to use no food nor drink that does not do them good; and to partake of proper food and drink only in such quantity as will be useful to them. When people eat so that it gives them pain or makes them sleepy, they may know that they have been intemperate.

They ought to be industrious. Without labor we soon become weak and sickly; and also without labor we can never enjoy much pleasure either from reading or knowledge. Indolence weakens the mind as much as it does the body.

They ought to be studious. This is not meant that every one should employ all his time in study. This would be impossible. But every one should regularly give some time, as much as his occupation will allow, to reading and the cultivation of his mind.

This will soon become a great source of pleasure, and a great means of usefulness. It was by employing his leisure hours in this manner that Franklin laid the foundation of his greatness, and raised himself from the rank of a poor printer's boy to that of an eminent philosopher and statesman.

They should be good.

They should be benevolent; that is, to seek to make others happy, for there is more real pleasure in seeing others happy than in seeking to be happy ourselves.

It is an odd thing that no sooner has death claimed our friends for his own than we begin to say and do a multitude of things, of little use at all then, in comparison to that which they might have been had they come in advance of death. Then, out of hand, we flock to the house with offers of assistance and proffers of friendship; we rob our gardens and our hothouses and send out flowers in profusion and funeral wreaths and crosses and pillows and anchors and stars to encumbrance, and do all that we can, though late, to hide and disguise and sweeten fate. But if we had flocked to the house while the dead could have been aware of it, how much pleasure and excitement and relief from monotonous and lonesome hours, our sick friends might have enjoyed, when all was a tiresome round of day and night, and medicine and solitude, when a bunch of flowers brought in would have brought a light to the dull eyes of joy, both over the gift and the giver, joy which no broken columns of tuberose and ivies, costing small fortunes, can bring to the eyes of the dead!

Presume no unworthy motive where the action is susceptible of an innocent one; and never ascribe to an action which you confess to be good, any other motive than that from which it professes to proceed. The reasonableness of this is obvious, if we apply it to our own case. Is there any other rule by which we would wish our own actions to be estimated?

True self respect is the best antidote to vanity, and would be ashamed to sound its own trumpet. It is indeed often ashamed of the trumpets that are loud in its applause. Flattery is not sweet but loathsome to the self respecting man; and the only praise that can give him real pleasure or satisfaction is that which is sincere, spontaneous and unsought.

In the cross is found health, in the cross life, in the cross a protection from our enemies, in the cross an infusion of the sweets of heaven, in the cross strength of soul, in the cross the joy of the spirit, in the cross the sum of virtue, in the cross the perfection of holiness. There is no salvation of the soul, nor hope of eternal life, but in the cross.

All men have their frailties, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

No good thing is ever lost. Nothing dies, not even life which gives up one form only to resume another. No good action, no good example dies. It lives forever in our race. While the frame molders and disappears, the deed leaves an indelible stamp, and moulds the very thought and will of future generations.

A large capacity for labor is usually a distinguishing feature of healthy genius, and that implies a vigorous and a lasting bodily constitution. If the fiery spirit burns out the vitality rapidly, it is most frequently because of bad habits and vicious excesses, which unduly strain the strongest constitutions.

How beautiful to die broken-hearted on "paper." Quite another thing in practice: every window of your Feeling, even of your intellect, as it were, begrimed and mud-bespattered, so that no pure ray can enter; a whole drugshop in your inwards; the forlorn soul drowning slowly in the quagmires of Disgust.

All the great and wise and good among mankind, all the benefactors of the human race, whose names I read in the world's history, and the still greater number whose good deeds have outlived their names—all these have labored for me. I have entered into their harvest.

The reformer of practical abuses first begins to be wise when he allows for the obstinate vitality of human error and human folly, and is willing to believe that those who cannot see in precisely the same way that he does are not themselves necessarily bad men.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself, who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels all his life if he is disposed to quarrel.

Life passes; work is permanent. It is all going—fleeting and withering. Youth goes. Mind decays. That which is done remains. Through ages, through eternity, what you have done for God, that, and only that, you are. Deeds never die.

We are forbidden to utter general conclusions respecting the characters of men, founded on particular bad actions, which they may be known to have committed. Who would wish his whole reputation to be decided by a single action?

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humanity and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

A single illiberal act no more proves a man to be covetous than a single charitable act proves him to be benevolent. How unjust, therefore, to proclaim a man destitute of all virtue on account of one failure in virtue.

If diamonds were always under our feet, we should soon cease picking them up, and if the prizes of life were to be had for the asking, the time would soon come when they would be no longer asked for.

Whoever sincerely endeavors to do all the good he can will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know to the day of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.

Sorrow, in some instances, hardens and narrows the mind; but in all well constituted characters it softens, enriches, ennobles.

When a man's desires are boundless his labor is endless. He has perpetually many things to do and many things to provide.

How grateful I am to that gracious Providence, who makes the most intense enjoyment the cheapest and the commonest.

Of all the gifts that nature can give us the faculty of remaining silent, or answering apropos, is perhaps the most useful.

Contentment is a good thing until it reaches the point where it sits in the shade and lets the weeds grow.

The World's Happenings.

Dubuque, Iowa, has a woman street car driver.

A 5 year old child in Monson, Me., is said to speak three languages.

The whole number of officials now protected by the civil service rules is 27,507.

On the bill of fare of a temperance restaurant in Chicago there appears a list of 130 temperance drinks.

Mark Twain, the humorist, is reported to have an income of $80,000 a year from his books and his business investments.

A horse that ran away in West Newbury, Mass., wasn't caught until it reached a town 22 miles distant, 6 hours after.

Inside a ring found recently in Great Barrington, Mass., was this inscription: "Rev. Mr. H. Leavitt, O. S., 9 Oct. 1761, Æ 42."

Pale apple-green notepaper, with monogram or address in white wedgewood stamping, is one of the newest ideas in stationery.

Three boys of Jackson, Mich., recently saved a girl from drowning, and the grateful father gave them five cents, telling them to divide it between them.

Wholesale merchants in Cincinnati have started a fund to supply their country customers with railroad tickets. Ten merchants have subscribed $5,000 each.

A jeweler says that the smallest screws made are the fourth jewel wheel screws in watches. An ordinary thimble, he said, would hold tens of thousands of them.

From every State in the Union but two there have been sent to President Harrison photographs of babies named after him, until now the collection forms a big pile.

A South Carolina man who was tracked by a bloodhound sprinkled two pounds of snuff on his track. It saved his trousers and cured the dog of over-inquisitiveness.

Scented fans are the fashion in Paris. The framework is made of rose, lemon, or sandal wood, which on being warmed by the hot air of the theatre gives out a strong and delicious perfume.

A Huntingdon, Pa., paper says: "There are villages in this county, of 200 or 300 inhabitants, where it would be impossible to find a soul astir on Sunday afternoon. It is a universal custom to 'nap.'"

San Bernardino, Cal., keeps clear of tramps by holding the vagabonds under a waterspout for 30 minutes and then ordering them to leave town. They do not lose any time in obeying the command.

When a father in Madagascar gets the idea that his daughter ought to marry he puts a rope around her neck and leads her forth, and the first young man he offers her to has got to take her or forfeit 100 yams.

There is a cradle in New York that has rocked over 10,000 babies. It began to rock 10 years ago, when the Sisters of Charity started a little foundling hospital on Twelfth street, New York, with $5 in the treasury.

One of the largest leather belts ever made is on exhibition in Boston. It is 153 feet 7 inches long, 46 inches wide, double thickness, and weighs 1423 pounds. The hides of 65 animals were used for its manufacture.

Fifty nine persons attempted suicide in Berlin during June—more than ever before in one month. One boy, 20 women and 38 men made up the number. Twenty-two sought death in the water, 14 by hanging, 12 through bullets, 8 by poisoning and 2 by jumping from windows.

The renting value of a square of ground in upper New York city has gone up amazingly since the ball club moved to the neighborhood. One corner of it, which an Italian peanut vender had for $10 per month, can now be rented for $1,000—a saloon keeper having, it is said, offered that amount.

In Central Park, New York, recently, two horses, traveling in opposite directions, reared at the sight of a baby coach, and each planted his fore feet in the front of the wagon to which the other was harnessed. They remained in this curious position for a second or two. After freeing himself one of the animals fell and broke his leg.

A Missouri farmer recently brought an extraordinary bunch of wheat into Kansas City. It was composed of 32 heads and weighed 16 pounds, or a little less than one-half pound to the head. The straw was five feet and two inches in length and very heavy. One of the heads was shelled out and the naked grains just filled a half-pint cup.

A speculator out West gets his crowd together at land sales by promising that at the close of the auction a deed for a lot will be attached to a rocket and sent up—the lot of land to be the property of whoever finds the deed. The rocket is touched off; the crowd runs to find the deed, and the speculator claims that his land is constantly "going up."

A new way to scatter a crowd has been discovered. A man who found himself hemmed in by a dense throng near the corner of two streets in a Western city, recently, while a circus procession was passing, pulled a bottle of ammonia from his pocket and spilled the contents promiscuously about. He had the entire sidewalk to himself in less than a minute.

Not long ago Charles Parris, a farmer of Sherborne, England, was out in a field mowing when he was called by his daughter to hive a swarm of bees which had settled in the garden. Whilst so engaged he was severely stung. He went into his house and died in a few minutes. When a doctor was called it was found that a bee had got into the man's throat and stung it, and a rapid swelling ensuing he died of suffocation.

A horse, while drawing a reaper near Clinton, N. J., bit off the heads of the standing wheat. After he had been at work about two hours he suddenly dropped to the ground, and in five minutes was dead. An examination was made and the back part of the tongue was found to be full of wheat beards. On opening the throat the beards were found in great quantities sticking through the windpipe, from the effects of which it is believed the animal choked to death.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

Once more Summer is with us,
And some people of renown
Leave the busy sea-port city
For the quiet country town.

Arriving there, quite certain,
They very soon will espy
The big man of the village
And his fair wife riding by.

They are going, so 'tis said,
If you knew it not before,
To spend the dusty Summer
In their cottage at the Shore.

Rest! Rest!

BY A. Y. R.

IN a room, opening directly on to the verandah of an Indian bungalow, lay a man, apparently about sixty years of age.

From the pallor of his cheeks, the sunken aspect of which betokened advanced disease, and from the restless way in which he plucked incessantly the light cover thrown over him, it was easy to see that he was not long for this world.

He was attended by a slight, young girl, whose present office it was to fan him. As she fanned, he talked; but however much his words affected her—and affect her they did, for there was a great and abiding love between this man, her father, and herself—she showed not the slightest emotion, but fanned, fanned, fanned, and listened.

"Had it not been that he disinherited me, Zenia," said the sick man, "you would have been a rich woman. But my mother's hatred pursued me, and Eustace became my father's heir. That caused a difference between us. When I am dead, dearest, you must leave this place, and take the first steamer to England. Directly you arrive in London, go to my old friend, Mrs. Hunt. Her address is here in my pocket-book. For the sake of old times she will befriend you."

A few more desultory words, a sigh or two of weariness, and Zenia's father slept.

The afternoon waned, the sun went down, and with scarcely any "between time" or gloaming, darkness fell upon the sultry earth.

Then the girl put down her fan, and stole out on to the verandah. Here, seated on a low wicker-chair, she abandoned herself to her great and hopeless grief.

The doctor had told her that any shock, any display on her part of trouble or distress, would in all probability end his life suddenly. But here—out here, with him lying quietly asleep inside, and no one to look at her, she might for a while throw off all trammels of restraint and weep without hindrance.

The moon had risen, when the sick man roused from his sleep. It flooded the tropical garden with its beams, and illuminated just that part of the verandah in which Zenia sat with a ray of mysterious-looking light.

"Zenia," cried the invalid, "come here, my child. I have had such a beautiful dream. I thought that you were in England with my brother Eustace, and that, after all, the old place was to be yours. You had reconciled past quarrels, darling, and all was well again."

"Were you there, father?" asked the girl, tenderly. "I should not care to be there, if you were not."

"I there, Zenia? No, dear; I was in my grave. But, oh, so happy to think of you with Eustace. Promise me you will go to him, Zenia—now, at once. Give me your promise."

With wondrous energy, he raised his poor, wasted form from the couch. His daughter, fearful lest such unwonted exertion should do him harm, gave the required promise readily.

"Tell me where he lives, father," was asked.

But the sick man made no reply. Slowly, very slowly, he sank back upon his pillows. A great change of color, as of a filmy gray gauze veil thrown across them, overspread his features; his eyes, like the eyes of a hunted animal, sought Zenia's, with a world of sorrow, pleading, and anxiety in their expression.

Zenia Mordaunt spoke, at first, tenderly and quietly; then with entreaty and in great distress. But her father took no heed; his eyelids dropped, his breathing ceased, and, when in a little while the friend who had housed these wanderers—for such they were—entered the room, he found only one living being there; the man was dead.

The child's future was by no means a rosy one as at that time forecast. She was to go to England—that was certain. It was found that a sufficient sum of money for her passage and incidental expenses had been put aside by her father for the purpose.

Beyond a few rupees, nothing now remained for her but this, and those few rupees should have belonged to the man who had housed them, for they were the price of the poor father's burial.

Search as they might, however, no clue could be found to the whereabouts of Eustace Mordaunt, if Mordaunt were his name. The chances were that it was one assumed only by the dead man, who had apparently lived under some sort of a cloud.

So Zenia had only her father's old friend Mrs. Hunt, to whom a letter had at once been sent, to depend upon; and it was with the idea of proceeding to London, and finding her, that she took her passage and stepped on board the steam-ship "Eastern."

She was an attractive girl, this Zenia, and a good one, too; and the admiration she gained on the steam-ship "Eastern" was as sincere as it was unsought. From the Captain to the stewardess, this young and friendless stranger was the object of all kinds of solicitude.

She was so quiet, so unassuming, and, as well, so sad, that interest in her was universal; interest totally opposed to sensation, however, and exhibited in different forms by those who affected it.

Thus the Captain gave her a kind, encouraging word whenever he came in contact with her; the cook sent little dainties which he thought might tempt her appetite—when cooks take fancies to any one they immediately endow them with a capricious appetite, to which it is necessary to pander—the stewardess was ever ready to wash out little laces for her, or to tack clean tuckers into her bodices; and the ship's doctor obligingly buried all allusions to his profession, and, instead of dwelling on the horrors of sea-sickness and the predisposition of a traveler from India to that unwelcome experience, brought her books and newspapers, and sat by her sometimes on deck when he had time.

He was concerned for her; he noticed how apathetic she was, and how sadly, if patiently, she accepted her present life.

Her melancholy loss had been communicated to him by the friend who had brought her on board, and it was with feelings of more than ordinary interest that he studied her character and conduct.

One afternoon he was by no means sorry to have a real excuse for rousing her from the lethargic reverie into which she had been plunged almost the entire day, seated under an awning in her deck-chair, with papers and books about her, at which she rarely, if ever, looked.

"It would be kind of you," said he, "if you would tear this linen into strips and roll it neatly and tightly for me, ready for use. I have a patient downstairs who is very ill, and I fear I may run short of bandages. Will you help me, Miss Mordaunt?"

"With pleasure," answered Zenia. "But your patient—has she a nurse with her?"

"My patient is a young man," replied the doctor.

"Nevertheless," interrupted Zenia, eagerly, "he must want a nurse. Can I be of any use? May I read to him, fan him, sit by him, do anything for him? Ah, Dr. Scott, if you only knew how much nursing I have done, and how desolate I am now! I can be trusted. Will you not try me?"

The doctor glanced away from the pretty pleading figure before him for a moment. He was a man of tender feelings, and this outburst was a revelation of suffering to which he could scarcely reply without a tremor in his voice.

"Come with me," he said at length, "and we will see what can be done."

In an hour's time Zenia was installed as nurse to the young man, who lay so ill in his cabin.

His emaciated cheeks, with the burning patches on each, his lustrous eyes, his white thin hands, pointed to some lung affection.

But Zenia did not ask what ailed him; no, not even his name, which she had never heard; her only aim was to ease, to comfort, and, if possible, to cure the patient before her.

Her quiet energy was untiring; her devotion immense. To her it seemed as if once more she were doing something for the father who was dead; to the sick man, who benefited by her ministrations, she came as an angel in human form.

For a few days her ceaseless care, her unwearying solicitude, the brightness which her calm presence dispensed around, the confidence her womanly strength inspired, were of immense advantage to the patient, who palpably improved.

So far did this amendment progress that Zenia was deceived, and looked forward to a time, not far distant, when she would sit by her invalid's side, on deck, under the awning, instead of down in the cabin.

But they had the Red Sea to pass through, and the doctor knew well that to hope to get him through the Red Sea alive was more than foolish.

So when he languished and grew worse directly the good ship "Eastern" entered that sea, only Zenia and her patient were surprised, and spoke hopefully of how much better he would be in a day or two more, and how they would certainly be sitting then under the awning on deck.

To his very last hour the sick man hoped, and Zenia knew no other feeling than sure expectation of his recovery.

Had he not already made wonderful progress, and was not this new langnor satisfactorily accounted for by the intense heat they had had these two days?

One evening he slipped off his finger a ring which he habitually wore.

"Put it on your largest finger, nurse," he said to her, playfully, "and wear it in memory of the Red Sea."

Afterwards in her cabin Zenia looked at the ring. It had apparently been intended for a mourning token, and in the inside of the ring, words were engraven as follows: "In memoriam, Eustace Despard, Obiit, May the twenty-first, 1848."

Eustace—the name immediately arrested Zenia's attention. It was that of her father's brother. Surely, surely, this sick man could have no connection with her uncle, and yet it was possible, since Eustace was no common name.

She determined to ask her patient. Yes, she would go at once, though their good-nights had been exchanged, and he was probably asleep by this time.

If he were, of course she would not arouse him; but if he were not, and it was discovered that he and she were relatives, oh, how joyful a thing it would be for her! How thankful she would be thus soon to find the Eustace her father had bidden her seek out!

In haste she ran from her cabin to the one the sick man occupied. She knocked at the door, and was not surprised that no reply was given. But presently it was opened an inch or two, and the ship's doctor stood before her.

"May I speak to him for a moment, Dr. Scott?" she asked.

"Not now, child," replied the doctor, barring the small opening with his arm.

"He is asleep, then," thought Zenia, "and I would not for worlds disturb him."

Disturb him? Nay, child. He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking; and once more thou art bereft.

Unconscious of trouble, Zenia hurried up the stairs for a whiff of air, and as she stood looking out at the clear heavens, and drinking in the cooler atmosphere of night, a strange thing happened to her.

Suddenly in front of her appeared a tall, thin man, apparently of about thirty years of age, dressed in a suit of light homespun.

His hair, which was dark, was thrown back from a high, pale brow—this Zenia noticed as he raised his hat to her. His cheeks were brouzed; his eyes sparkled; his manner was eager, anxiously so.

"Excuse the liberty I take," said he, "but I am most desirous of knowing your name. Will you so far oblige me by telling me what it is?"

"My name," answered the girl, with her usual quiet delivery, "is Zenia Mordaunt."

"Not anything else?"

"No, nothing else."

"I thank you sincerely. Good night."

Zenia returned the greeting, and went back to her cabin.

It was not until the next morning that she heard of her friend's death. The sad event was communicated to her as she paced the deck very early, by the doctor.

"Was he dead when I came last night?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Just," was the reply. "His end was very sudden, as such often are. He did not know himself that he was dying."

A solemn sight, indeed, is a burial at sea. The young man was consigned to the deep that very evening.

But Zenia was not present. The shock of his death had utterly prostrated her, and seemed to bring all over again, with redoubled force, the sorrow of her previous loss.

But she was, as ever, very patient and uncomplaining; and a few days saw her once more seated in her deck-chair under the awning, with books and papers around her, just as they had been before.

Every one was again kindness personified; and, among travelers and crew, she was universally compassionated and cherished.

One passenger more frequently than any other sought her out, and this was the young man in the homespun suit, who had accosted her on the evening her patient died.

He came to her side only when she was alone; at which times he would talk to her most kindly, and never wearied of listening to her stories of her father, of their wanderings together, of her mother, who had died when she was a baby—in short, of anything that concerned her.

Nor did it appear strange to this rather reticent child, that she felt so much at ease with him, and liked to tell him of her past life. As regarded the others, even the doctor, she received, rather than gave, confidences; from this man she received none, and gave many.

At last the good ship "Eastern" reached its destination; and Zenia had only the last stage of her journey, by cab, to make. On the day of disembarkation, and for two or three previously, the child had not seen her new friend; and the doctor, whom she consulted as to his whereabouts, could not help her in the least, for he said he did not know the man.

She was obliged, therefore, to bid him good-bye in her own mind only, and to leave unsaid the words of heartfelt thanks which she had resolved she would speak to him, for all his kindness to her.

He had told her nothing as to his future plans, and the chances were, she sorrowfully thought, that they would never meet again. But as she got off the ship she felt a hand clasp her own, and turning, once more beheld her comrade.

"Will any one meet you?" he asked, quietly, ignoring her exclamations of surprise, and eager questionings as to where he had been the past two days.

"Meet me? No," replied the girl, "they would not know what time the 'Eastern' got to port. What a lovely evening for my landing. Is it so lovely always here in England?"

"Not always," was the smiling reply.

Then he escorted his charge to a cab, shut the door upon her, and raising his hat, suddenly turned and left her.

"Shall I see you again?" cried Zenia, a wave of utter loneliness overtaking her as she hastily let down the cab window, and looked out at the crowded dock. In vain, he was gone.

But Dr. Scott stood there instead, beaming with satisfaction that he had at length torn himself away from the clutches of some departing patient, in time to say farewell to his young friend.

"You were looking for me, then," he said, cheerily. "I have just put the Dawsons into their carriage, and am so glad to have a last peep at you. How well you have managed with your luggage, and so quickly too. Well, cabby, what is it?"

"Must move hon, sir, by horders," responded cabby. "What address, please?"

"Thirty-one, Travers Street, Cavendish Square," answered Zenia; and with a hearty handshake and a "God bless you" from Dr. Scott, the child was driven away.

It was rather a shock when the cab drew up at 31, Travers Street, to find the house in total darkness.

All the lamps in the street were alight, for the red ball of fire that had welcomed Zenia to England with lurid pennons of orange and purple, had now sunk to rest, and all the surrounding houses showed points of light. This only was in darkness.

Indulgent cabby descended from his box and rang the bell; it was more than he was in the habit of doing for his fares, but this one he told himself was different, and had just come from a voyage, poor, lonely young thing.

Once, twice, thrice, he rang, and no one answered. Then he descended the door-steps and took counsel with Zenia.

"Seems to me, miss," said he, "as if there ain't no one there."

"Try once more," responded Zenia; and once more a resounding peal echoed through the house and cabby stood in meditation.

"That done it," he cried at last, triumphantly, and the clanking of chains and pushing back of bolts bore witness that cabby was right.

A moment more and Zenia stood by

the door, face to face with an old caretaker.

"Yes," assented she, "Mrs. Hunt do live here, leastways did, for she's dead now, poor thing, and soon scarcely be said to reside any longer in this vale of sorrows. Not but what she's above ground yet, a-lying in her Devonshire 'ouse in state, having died there three days ago; so, perhaps I might still be permitted to say she do live here, miss, after all."

Zenia gasped.

"Did she—did Mrs Hunt expect me?" she faltered, tears rising to her pretty eyes, and the color fading from her face.

"Not as I knows on, miss," replied the old woman, slowly. "But stay, I remember my missis having a letter the day before she went to Devonshire, which were not long ago, she having caught cold on the way, which caused her death; and of her answering it, and leaving it with me until called for. Perhaps you are that young lady. Stay, so as I mayn't be cheated, let's say the name together, miss, and if either's wrong, you are not the lady meant."

So together, syllable for syllable, Zenia and the woman pronounced the name, Zenia Mordaunt, and the woman ran for the letter.

Then she directed the cabman to "up" with the boxes; and he, having "upped" with them, and departed, Zenia was led by the woman into a little room, which should, said she, "soon be made comfortable and fit for a queen."

Here the poor child read her letter. It was brief, and to the point:

"Mrs. Hunt," ran the note, "has no recollection of any old friend answering to the name of George Mordaunt; but as Zenia Mordaunt is friendless in London, she may stay at Mrs Hunt's house, on the night of her arrival in England, and must travel on to Combe Jesmond, in Devonshire, where Mrs. Hunt is at present residing, on the day following. Arrived there, if Miss Mordaunt can make good her late, and satisfy Mrs. Hunt as to her identity, and the identity of her father with a friend of old days, Mrs. Hunt will be glad to do all in her power for her."

Had Mrs. Hunt been alive, this missive would have brought but cold comfort to the child.

But with Mrs. Hunt dead, comfort of every kind fled away altogether. What was she to do? The good old caretaker advised her to the best of her ability.

"Go down to Devonshire, dearie," said she. "My old missis had a housekeeper of wonderful brain. The brain that woman has is not to believed. I'll back Mrs. Parker to help you out of your troubles, my dear; indeed, I shouldn't be surprised, and neither would many I could name—only you wouldn't know 'em—if Mrs. Parker weren't Mrs. Hunt now, or as good, seeing as the old lady hadn't any relations, except distant, living."

Sorrowful of heart, Zenia sat by the fireside alone, while the caretaker busied herself with making arrangements for the night.

Suddenly the door of the apartment opened, and her friend of the homespun suit stood by her side.

Up started Zenia, much excited.

"Oh!" she cried; "this is strange. How did you know I was here? I called out to you, 'Shall I see you again?' but you had disappeared. How glad I am you are here! Come to the fire, and sit down. I am in trouble, my kind friend."

"And I am come to help you," answered the young man, "if that may be; tell me what you will do."

"The old woman here advises my going down to Devonshire," answered Zenia, forgetting to mention that Mrs. Hunt was dead.

"Then Mrs. Hunt does live at Combe Jesmond?" returned the young man, eagerly. "Oh, how strange! how very strange. But is she well? Is she there?"

"She is dead," answered the child.

Then said he:

"That is as I imagined; but yet," he added, more to himself than to Zenia, "I feel that all will yet be well; better, far better than I in my wildest, happiest moments ever believed it would be. But, come, dear, let us talk about Combe Jesmond."

"You know it?" asked Zenia.

"Yes, I know it," he replied. "I once lived there. I know it very, very well."

He looked at the burning coals of the fire, as if he saw in them the place he said he knew so very, very well. There was a tinge of regret or sadness in the tone of his voice as he spoke, which Zenia, with her quick perception, noted at once.

"Why don't you go back there?" she asked him, eagerly. "You seem as if you loved it, and wanted to be there. Why don't you go back?"

"Because," he answered, "I would much rather be where I am now. It is scarcely possible to leave a much-loved place, without regret; but even Combe Jesmond, lovely and dear as it is to me, is not so dear, nor so lovely, as the place I now inhabit. But away with such comparisons. There is a poor, lonely old man, living at Combe Jesmond, whose history I should like to tell you, if you will listen."

"Indeed, I will," replied Zenia.

Still gazing at the ruddy fire, the young man spoke, the while Zenia leaned forward with her elbows on her knees and her chin resting on the palms of her hands in a child's attitude of attention.

"Many years ago," proceeded he, "there were two sons of a father and mother living at the old Manor at Combe Jesmond. The eldest, a fine daring fellow, some five years his brother's senior, was, for reasons known only to herself, utterly detested by his mother, who showered upon the younger not only his own due portion of love, but also, all that should by right have belonged to the elder born. The estate was not entailed, and when the father of these two boys fell ill, the mother used her power and influence to get it left to her beloved son.

"For a time the father resisted; but at length, with some vehement argument, the mother prevailed, and on his death-bed he signed a will, leaving to his eldest son the merest pittance; to the younger, the entire estate, and all else that he owned. In time, the young squire married; that is to say, after his mother's death. But his wife died very soon, leaving him with a son, a sickly boy, who grew too fast, and did everything else he ought not to do in that way, and caused his father great anxiety. It was always supposed he never would be reared; but he grew to man's estate in spite of prognostications to the contrary."

"And what became of the elder brother?" asked Zenia, struck somewhat, she scarcely knew how, by this story.

"It was never known what became of him. Since his father's death, Combe Jesmond has not known him. Report said many things; but no one really knew the truth about him, poor fellow."

"Why do you say, 'poor fellow?'"

"Because I am sorry he was disinherited. I always felt sorry for that. You see, naturally his life was embittered by his mother's unmotherlike treatment of him, and the strange circumstance of his utter disappearance made his memory a very sad one. But my father's sympathies were against him, I grieve to say."

"Your father's?" asked Zenia, interrogatively.

It was the first time he had ever alluded to any relation of his own.

"Yes," was the monosyllable reply, and Zenia, noting the rising color in his cheeks, hastened to change the subject.

"Is this man you have told me of, happy in his son? The estate does not seem to have brought him much comfort, since you call him a poor, lonely old man. Lonely, you said. Is his son dead?"

"His son is dead," was the quiet reply, and Zenia's fellow-passenger rose to leave her.

"I should like to go to the old place once more," he said, wistfully. Then his face lighted up with a great and joyful expression. "I shall go," he cried. "Good-night, little child. We meet again to-morrow, at Waterloo; so it is not good-bye. To-morrow—and Combe Jesmond! What happiness, what intense joy the thought is to me!"

He grasped Zenia's hand in his, and left the room, forbidding her either to ring the bell, that the old woman might open the front door, or to attend him herself.

The next morning, sure enough, just as the train started from Waterloo Station the young man stepped hastily into the compartment occupied by Zenia alone.

He was the liveliest of traveling companions, and as they sped along kept relating to the girl stories of the places they were passing through, helping her, as he said, to feel "at home" in this England she had never seen before.

"What a day," said he to himself, "what a day to leave it for ever; to carry away in one's memory the sights and the sounds of this beloved land! A still clear air, with a frost, and sunlight sparkling over fields white and crisp with rime. Look, Zenia, how that baby trise his weight upon that icy pool. It is almost the first frost he has seen. Take care, by-the-bye, child, of this climate of ours. It is treacherous and variable, but dear, how very dear—because it is England."

It was with an air of radiant happiness that he recognized the landmarks of the country as they approached Combe Jesmond.

"There is Langdon Church," he cried, long before the train reached that place. "Many and many's the time I have climbed to the top of the tower to get a view of five counties. Now, child, on this side is Hidbro' Beacon. You must go up there some day. And there is dear old High-beeches. Explore the trees, Zenia, and you will find two hearts carved on the bark of one, pierced with an arrow, and a ring beneath. That is what I and little Mary Monmouth carved many years ago; she the ring, and I the hearts pierced. Now, dear, give me your wraps and let me strap them up; we are flying through Hilton, and the next station is Combe Jesmond, where we stop. Did you see those red chimney stacks through the trees? Yes? Well, that is the house in which the poor, lonely old man, I told you of, lives."

Soon the train came to a standstill in the tiny station of Combe Jesmond. For a moment Zenia lost sight of her friend, while an obsequious porter, who opened the door, led her hastily away to claim her luggage at the van.

But she found him again at the foot of the steps leading up to the station, seated in a low basket carriage.

"Get in, child," he cried, hastily. "They will send your luggage after you."

And before Zenia could turn to the porter who had not yet made his appearance with her trunk, she was whirled away at a mad pace from the station.

"You know the country very well," she said, turning to her companion. "Is it far from here to Mrs. Hunt's?"

But the young man made no answer, and after waiting for a moment Zenia looked somewhat timorously up into his face.

He was gazing ahead, as if to mark any obstacle that might suddenly come between him, and his wild reckless course. His profile was set, and looked as different now to the gay, boyish features of their railway journey as darkness does to light.

Recalling her wonted courage, Zenia took heart of grace, and caught hold of the cape of his inverness, which over and anon, in the wind they were passing through, flapped against her face.

"Is it the sight of your old home that makes you look so stern and sad?" she asked, raising her voice and her head that she might get nearer to him.

A wan smile crossed his features.

"I am playing a game of chance," he replied at length. "Riding a race with issues of immense importance in my hands. Directly I found you out, Zenia, and who you were, I was restless until I could accomplish happiness for you. Dear friendless, home-less child, the sick man's guardian angel, this world is too hard a place for you to live in, without a relation in it to smooth and brighten your path. And he of whom I spoke to you—that lonely old man, the world is harsh and unkind to him, too, despite his land and money. I would not have him pine away in hopeless friendlessness—no, no; immeasurable joy be mine if I can prevent that, and at the same time bring happiness to you, my child. In perfect joy and gladness I shall rest when you two are united, as you will be, I trust, ere long. Remember, for your comfort, Zenia, when you think of me, that in doing what I am allowed to do now, the dearest hope of my life—ay, of my whole, my perfect life, is fulfilled. He will know it, when he knows you, and will tell you that he, too, is thankful at last."

They were whirling now through some open gates, that led up a long carriage-drive, with a wooded ravine on one side, and laurels and a fence on the other.

Not one jot or tittle did the driver moderate his pace, though the road took twisty turns, and more than once the vehicle seemed in imminent danger of being overturned.

At length, with a laugh, an exultant laugh, he pointed out with his whip a lighted row of windows in an upper story of the house they now were rapidly approaching.

On his face was a look of contentment. All harshness, all sorrow, all anxiety was gone, as he gazed down upon his companion with a beam of ineffable satisfaction.

"We are in time, little child," he gasped. "There was none to be lost, I see; but we are in time. Oh, Zenia, dear, dear, dear little nurse, think of me sometimes, as I shall think of you so often, so often. I will watch for you, and wait for you, and welcome you, oh, so gladly! when we meet again. Is it time to go, now, is it really time? The wrench is very bitter, but I go right gladly. Good-bye, dear child, good-bye; we meet again no more in this world."

"No more?" sobbed Zenia. "Did you say, no more?"

But she spoke to the wind.

The chaise was driverless; and the horse, trembling and frightened, with ears thrown back, and foam-covered mouth, dashed on madly at runaway speed.

Then Zenia knew nothing until she opened her eyes in a great old hall, to see before her an immense fire burning on the hearth; and above it a full-length picture of a young man in a homespun suit, who looked down upon her with a reassuring loving smile.

"Are you better, miss?" asked a voice beside her. "Because when you are, the master says he would like to see you. He's very ill indeed; prostrated by a family bereavement, miss; but the doctor do say he've taken a turn for the better now, though he were bad enough an hour ago. You've had a narrow escape, you have, miss. You came dashing up to our front door in the pony-shay that went down to meet Mrs. Jerry, our housekeeper, coming back from Exeter market. Ben had only gone up to speak to his sister, the station-master's wife, for a moment, leaving the shay; and when he came down it was gone, and you run away with, miss, by young horse Georgie, who always were a goer, and a lover of his own stable, where he now is. Directly that young animal had dispose of you, miss, which he did by pitching of you on to the top step below the entrance-door, he offed to his own diggings in stables, which were, to say smallest, a cunning thing to do. But come, I stand chattering here while master waits, and you too, miss. I'll help you up the stairs, please."

But Zenia had not been hurt, and could walk alone.

In a few moments she stood by a bed, on which lay a sick man of about five and fifty years, very thin and aged-looking, with gray hair and refined features.

Directing that a chair should be placed for the young lady, he told his servant to withdraw, and held out his hand courteously to the child.

"You have been hurt," he said, slowly, "by getting into my pony-chaise by mistake, and being run away with. Will you tell me whither you were bound, that I may let your friends know of your safety? For I cannot let you leave my house to-night. It is late and cold, and with such a shock as you have had, great care must be taken of you."

"I was going to Mrs. Hunt's," replied Zenia, who then proceeded to assure her host that she was not in the least bit hurt, and could go at once if he liked.

"Nay, little girl, but I do not like. Ring the bell for me, please; Mrs. Jerry will be home by this time, and will look after you."

The child rose obediently, and essayed to pull the bell-rope, which hung by the sick man's side. Something on her hand, however, attracted his attention; for, with a sharp cry of pain, before she had pulled the rope, he clutched it and held it up to his eyes.

"Where did you get this ring?" he asked, eagerly, pointing to the ruby the invalid on board the "Eastern" had given her.

"From a friend who died on the ship that brought me from India," replied Zenia. "I may call him a friend, I think, for I helped to nurse him on the voyage; and he gave me this ring in the Red Sea the very night he died."

"What was his name?" asked the man, eagerly.

"I never knew it," answered Zenia. "He called me nurse, and I did not ask him for his name. There is one inside this ring; perhaps it was his. I was going to ask him, because——"

"Show it to me, please," interrupted the invalid. "This ring is, I believe, one I have known for years. The name should be Eustace Despard. Ay, there it is. Then it was my poor boy's, and you nursed him. Thank you, thank you. I am his father, and know so little about his last hours. How strange that you should have come here by this chance to tell me of my Eustace. He was never strong, my dear boy, and went out for a voyage to see what it would do for him. I always said he would come home cured, and would not really believe he was so ill. He should have been back yesterday had all been well; and he is lying at the bottom of the sea instead. Sit here, child, and tell me all you know about my son. Ah me, ah me! my dear son!"

So Zenia sat on a stool by the bereaved father's bedside, he holding her hand all the while, and drinking in the little details that she told him of the young man's last illness.

Then she tried once more to find out whether this Eustace was related to the Eustace her father had spoken of as his brother.

"My father died in India," she said simply, turning her sweet face up to that of her new friend, and feeling involuntarily for the portrait she constantly wore beneath her gown.

"Just before I came to England—I came at his request, indeed, and am on my way to Mrs. Hunt's (although I know she is dead) because he told me to go there before he died—he dreamed a happy dream, and told me to find his brother Eustace. But that I cannot do, because father died too quickly to tell me where he was."

The invalid lay back on his pillows with closed eyes.

"Is it possible?" he murmured. "And yet I know nothing of my brother, of his marriage, or his death. But it would be strange were it so. To think that my boy, who always begged me to find my brother and befriend him, should be nursed by his own cousin, not knowing her; and that chance should have brought her here. Tell me, child, what is your name?" he asked, tenderly, looking at the small, upturned, expectant face.

"I am named Zenia Mordaunt," the girl replied.

"Not anything else?" asked the invalid, eagerly, in the self-same words of the passenger on board the "Eastern."

"No," sighed Zenia, "not anything else."

Then a sudden idea struck the suffering man.

"Go," said he, "to that cabinet yonder, open it, and should you see any face there in the row of miniatures hanging on the rail, like your father's was, bring it to me."

Quick as thought Zenia went, glanced along the rail and detected the miniature of a youth, apparently about nineteen or twenty years of age.

"Here he is," she cried, triumphantly. "Here is my father. I know it to be him, because I wear his likeness always, and it is the same as this."

Then the two heads bent together over the miniature and its duplicate, which Zenia drew from her bodice.

"This is indeed my brother," said the old man, at length, "and I thank Heaven that you are my own niece, Zenia Mordaunt Despard. Ah, my child, by cruelty, and our mother's, drove my brother from this country, and often have I sworn, that I would die rather than seek him out, though Eustace, my own boy, implored me to the last hour we were together, to do so. But now that you have come, I can, I hope, undo some of the wrong I have done; and you, my child, will be my daughter, in the place of Eustace, my lost son. I am thankful to heaven who sent you."

Not many explanations now were needed to identify the dead man, George Mordaunt, with the George Mordaunt Despard who was disinherited by his father in favor of his younger son. Zenia had papers with her, showing how her father had married, with certificates of her own birth and baptism.

Thus her father's dream came true, and Zenia, the daughter of the house, reconciled past quarrels.

Always, as she sits before the portrait that hangs above the fireplace in the great hall, Zenia thinks of the good comrade who brought her hither, and tears come into her eyes, despite the kindly, loving smile he has for her, and the peculiarly tender glance of his gray eyes, when she remembers his words, that they will meet no more again in this world.

I do not know, and cannot guess,

whether she connects that comrade with the poor invalid cousin she nursed on board the "Eastern."

To no one but to me did she ever communicate the history of her voyage, after her cousin's death, and even in telling me the tale she in no wise linked the two men together.

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! Where thou art, perchance thou seest that union thou thyself didst wish for, and art happy.

ON TOTEMISM.

WHAT is a Totem? Broadly, the badge of a clan or tribe, but something signifying a great deal more than mere political or social alliance.

It is not only a tribal emblem, but also a family signal; not merely a symbol of nationality, but also an expression of religion; not simply a bond of union among primitive peoples, but also a regulator of the marriage laws and of other social institutions.

The use of totems seems to have been first noticed among the North American Indians, and the word itself is an Indian one.

Among the Indians its meaning is clear enough; for with them the totems are well defined; although often curious in character. Thus, in the Ojibway tribe there are no fewer than twenty-three different totems, or clan divisions.

Nine of these are quadrupeds, marking out the wolf, the bear, the beaver, and other clans; eight are birds, five are fishes, and one is the snake.

In other words, the members of the tribe who carry these devices, by so doing mark themselves as belonging to a distinct division of it, to be for all time and for certain practical purposes distinguished and separated from the other divisions.

It is easy enough with totems of this character to imagine a basis of worship as the origin of the tribal badge, but it is not easy to see the meaning in other cases.

For instance, the totems of some of the other Indian tribes are such things as corn, potato, tobacco-plant, and reed grass; as medicine, tent, lodge, bonnet, legg'ngs, and knife; as sun, earth, sand, salt, sea, snow, ice, water and rain; as thunder and wind.

Next to the North American Indians, the aboriginal tribes of Australia present the most developed form of totemism of any peoples of our time. Among the Australians is to be found the same use of totems as among the Indians, and chiefly taken from the animal kingdom.

There are kangaroo, opossum, iguana, emu, bandicoot, and black-snake divisions among the Kamilaroi tribes.

There are also eagle, crow, water, mountain, swamp, river, hot-wind and sun totems; and the first question asked by an Australian black of a stranger is, "Of what murdoo (family or clan) are you?" In fact, in Australia the totem seems more of a family than a clan name.

So in Africa, among the Hottentots and Bechuanas, are found crocodile-men, monkey-men, buffalo-men, and such family names as horse, lion, sheep, tiger, ass, etc.

The head of the family is the "great man" of the animal whose name he bears, and the members of the tribe will not eat the flesh or use the skin of its protecting animal.

Many of the Arab tribes takes their names from animals, such as the lion, the panther, the wolf, the bear, the dog, the fox, the hyena, the sheep, etc.; and that the animal whose name is borne by the tribe is not used for food by the tribe, and is otherwise treated with respect. Among the hill-tribes of India, similar clan-badges are also to be found, as the heron, hawk, crow, and eel clans.

The Chinese system merits a word. A characteristic feature in Central Asiatic traditions is the derivation of their origin from some animal.

Thus, the Tele people are said to have sprung from the marriage of a wolf and a beautiful Hun princess; the Tugus believe themselves to be descended from a she-wolf; the Tibetans from a dog; the Mongol khans from a blue wolf and a white hind, etc.

The Chinese expression for their own people, means "the hundred family-names." In fact it is computed that there are about four hundred family-names in China, and intermarriage is forbidden between persons of the same family-name.

Some curious items relating to totemism are to be found about Samoa. Thus, it is said that if a Turtle-man eat of a turtle he grew very ill, and the voice of the turtle was heard in his inside, saying "He ate me: I am killing him."

If a Prickly Sea-urchin-man consumed one of these shellfish, a prickly sea-mouth grew in his body and killed him. If a Mullet-man ate a mullet, he squinted. If a Cockle-man carried away a cockle, it appeared on some part of his person; and if he ate it, it grew on his nose.

If a Banana-man used a banana leaf for a cap, he became bald. If a Butterfly-man caught a butterfly, it struck him dead. If a Fowl man ate a fowl, delirium and death resulted.

And so on—all going to show that among some totem peoples, if not among all, the totem has something of the quality of a fetich, as well as the significance of a family emblem.

Regarding clan totemism, it is to be noted that the relation of mutual help and protection includes also the totem itself: that is to say, if a man takes care of his totem, he expects the totem to return the compliment.

If the totem is a dangerous animal, it must not hurt his clansmen. The Scorpion-men of Senegambia declare that the most deadly scorpions will run over their bodies without hurting them.

There is a Snake clan in Cyprus which holds to a similar belief. Among the Moxos of Peru, a candidate for the office of medicine-man must allow himself to be bitten by a tiger (the totem); and if he survives, he proves his kinship and fitness.

Among the Crocodile clan of the Bechuanas, if a man is bitten by a crocodile, or even has water splashed on him by one, he is expelled from the clan, as one esteemed unworthy by the totem.

But a totem must do more than not injure—it must help. Members of Serpent clans in various parts of the world profess to heal by their touch those who have been bitten by serpents.

There is a Seaweed clan in Samoa which: when it goes out in canoes to fight, throws seaweed into the water to hinder the flight of the enemy; if the enemy try to pick up the weed, it sinks, but rises again as soon as some of the totem clan approach it.

The kangaroo warns the Kangaroo tribes, and the crow warns the Crow tribes of Australia of approaching danger.

This is all very well when the totem is a bird, beast or fish; but one does not very well see how it will work when the totem is a stick, a stone, a cloud, an element, or a color.

The totem bond is a much stronger affair than what we regard as the bond of blood or family.

All the members of a totem clan regard each other as kinsmen, or brothers and sisters, and are bound to help each other.

The Clan totem represents both a religious and a social system, because all the men and women who call themselves by the name of totem believe themselves to be of one blood, descendants of a common ancestor, and bound to each other by common obligations and a common faith.

Some of the social aspects of totemism may be briefly referred to. For one thing, the totem bond is stronger than the domestic bond.

In every totem tribe there must be members of two or more totem clans, because the males cannot marry the females of their own totem.

If, then, a blood-feud breaks out between their clans, husband and wife will have to take opposite sides, and the children will be arrayed with one parent against the other, according as the custom of the people may be to trace descent through the mother or the father.

Then, if anything happens to a man, all his clansmen are entitled to satisfaction, not from the aggressor alone, but from the entire clan to which the aggressor belongs.

A curious illustration of this has been noted among the Goajiros of Columbia in South America.

This tribe is divided into some twenty or thirty clans with descent in the female line; and it is said that if a man happens to cut himself with his own knife, to fall off his own horse, or to hurt himself in any way, his mother's clan immediately demand blood-money from him for injuring one of their totems!

Then, as to marriage, persons of the same totem may not enter into conjugal union. This rule is what is called exogamy.

Some tribes say of those who marry within the clan, that their bones will dry up and they will die. Among the Australian tribes, death is the regular penalty for a breach of this rigorous rule.

Speaking generally, it may be said that marriage prohibition extends only to a man's own totem clan. But there are also numerous cases where the prohibition extends further.

Thus, a Panther of the Creek Indians may not marry a Panther; but he is also prohibited from marrying a Wildcat woman.

The Senecas were divided into two groups of four totems each: the Bear, Wolf, Beaver and Turtle clans could not intermarry; nor could the Deer, Snipe, Heron and Hawk clans; but a member of any one of the totems of one group was compelled to seek a mate in one of the totems of the other group.

O'Totemism in general most writers think that it had a good deal to do with the oriental belief in the transmigration of the soul, and was a combination of nature-worship and animal-worship.

DO DREAMS LAST LONG?—This interesting question has been recently discussed in Germany, by a physician, who has given some striking examples from his own experience and observation. It is very certain, however, that the majority of dreams are only of momentary duration, though extended occasionally to the length of a minute. In proof of this, he tells the following story from his experience:

"After excessive bodily fatigue, and a day of mental strain, of a not disagreeable kind, I betook myself to bed, after I had wound up my watch and placed it on the night table whereon a lamp was burning. Then I lay down. Soon I found myself on the high sea on board a well-known ship. I was young again, and stood on the look-out. I heard the roar of the water, and golden clouds floated around me. How long I so stood I did not know, but it seemed a very long time.

"Then the scene changed. I was in the country, and my long-dead parents came to greet me; they took me to church, where the loud organ sounded. I was delighted, but at the same time wondered to see my wife and children there. The priest mounted the pulpit and preached, but I could not understand what he said, for the organ continued to play. I took my son by the hand, and with him ascended the church tower; but again the scene was changed. Instead of being near my son, I stood near an early-known but long-dead officer—I ought to explain that I was an army surgeon during the ma-

"I was wondering why the officer looked so young, when quite close to my ears an unexpected cannon sounded. Terrified, I was hurrying off, when I woke up, and noticed that the supposed cannon shot had its cause in the opening of the bedroom door as someone entered. It was as if I had lived through an eternity in my dream, but when I looked at my watch, I saw that since I had fallen asleep not more than one minute had elapsed—a much shorter time than it takes to relate the occurrence."

INDIVIDUALS AND SOCIETY.—Goethe says "the beautiful feeling enters the mind that only mankind together is the true man, and that the individual can only be serene and happy when he has the intellect and courage to feel himself in the whole." The civilized world always governs itself by reference to its best views of its own welfare. It almost always happens in the progress of human society, that a certain principle of action comes into general application long before people have the thoughtfulness or the courage to recognize it as a principle. We are growing to find that, whether we like it or not, human nature will absolutely be ruled by its own laws, and that these are, like the laws of the physical world, to be inferred and discovered by observation, and not guessed by theory.

The task assigned to human beings is not to labor at impossible feats; nor to make bricks without straw, or to twine ropes of sea-sand. We have simply to make the best of the world; and according as we recognize the nature of our task, so do we succeed in accomplishing it. Once any change in any of the laws is proved to be for the good of society it is acknowledged as an inevitable reality.

The great difference between Pagan or early Christian days and our own; between the age of Moses and his followers and the period of growing christian civilization, is that we have now almost entirely ceased to act upon abstract doctrines; ceased to carry on a struggle against natural tendencies. The Divine laws for humanity are to be interpreted only by reference to the happiness and prosperity of the human race, and that while we are striving to benefit this world we must inevitably be likewise laboring to fulfil the decrees of Heaven. —L. G. W.

SINGULAR FEEDING CUSTOMS.—The Maldivian islanders, up to a comparatively recent date, took their meals in perfect solitude, and deemed it an act of the greatest impropriety to eat or drink in the presence of an eye witness.

A similar custom prevailed among the Ostiacians. At the hour of repast the members of each family divided; brothers, sisters, husband and wife having their respective basket. They placed themselves two or three yards from each other, turned their backs, and took their meals in profound silence.

In some parts of China the host considers it the greatest mark of politeness to absent himself while his guests regale themselves at his table with much revelry and good cheer.

It was a custom among the Tartars for the host to pull his guests by the ear to make them drink, and when they had imbibed, under compulsion, "not wisely but too well," he would clap his hands and dance a hornpipe of triumph.

SORRY HE SPOKE.—"I say, Hannah," remarked Mr. Hughit to his wife as they came out of the theatre, "I'll tell you something if you'll promise me not to be

"Well, what is it?" asked Mrs. Hughit, with a tone of resignation.

"You won't be angry?"

"No."

"Well, your bonnet was awfully one-sided all the evening."

"Oh, I'm so glad you noticed it, dear, for you are generally so unobserving. The fact is, Charley, that miserable bonnet won't go on any other way, and I've been wanting a new one so much. I hated to say anything to you about it, dear, but now you have discovered how horrible the old bonnet looks, you'll give me the money to get a new one, won't you?"

"Oh, I s'pose so;" and Mr. Hughit wished he hadn't been so observing.

FIRE ALARM CHARTS.—The fire alarm protective chart, with key attached, has been patented by an ingenious citizen of Chicago. It consists of a small tin chart, with the location of the nearest box and instructions how to use the key, and the number of the box printed upon it. It is proposed to place these keys with as many householders as possible in each fire district of the city.

When a fire is discovered the discoverer will then be able to locate immediately the nearest fire alarm box and turn in the alarm. As it is now, the locations of the boxes are known to very few, and still fewer know how to work them when found.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The independent example which the Prince of Wales has set in giving the hand of his daughter to the Earl of Fife will set a precedent which will be followed very quickly in England, where many a girl who has been kept waiting for a duke, and been condemned to single life because no duke asked her, can now be allowed to marry out of her rank. A little more, and foreigners may have the vitiated dukes of the realm and welcome, and the buxom English girls will marry men who have no title, but fewer vices and fewer bills with the money-lenders. Britain's daughters will adore the Prince more than ever.

A remarkable will was probated in Nashville, Tenn., a day or two ago. It was that of Mrs. Mary Ann Schaub, an aged German woman. She had no relatives so far as known, and had surrounded herself by a number of dogs and cats. She had a handsome property valued at about $6000, and this she leaves in trust for two of her favorite dogs. The animals are of the commonest breed. She provides that a sufficient sum shall be reserved from her personalty to maintain these dogs in comfort as long as they live, and especially orders one bed and clothing for their occupancy. A young woman whom she adopted some years ago is made second beneficiary upon the condition that she live in the house and care for these dogs for a period of eight years.

There is in Boston a man, of old English race, who passes for an advanced sceptic, a more or less fine produce of modern rationalism, who always carries a horse chestnut in one pocket, a perforated disk made of bone in another pocket, and a battered old ring on his watch chain. The same man puts on his left stocking, his left shoe, and his left trousers-leg first, and nothing could induce him to change the order of this performance. There are certain trees and certain stars that he regards with superstitious reverence, and the howling of a dog at night, outside the door or under a window, makes his heart stand still. All these things he recognizes as a survival of natural worship, which he regards as merely the product of the sense of awe on the part of a primitive people in the presence of a physical environment which was often fraught with disaster to them.

The fashionable "Four Hundred" of New York are, it is said, amusing themselves by being tattooed. The fad has proved as catching as the measles, and all a Fifth Avenue belle needs is a tomahawk and a war-whoop. The fashionable indelible skin-painter lives in an unaristocratic quarter, and has been wont to confine his art to the sentimental and superstitious sailor. For years classic females, banner in hand, or curly haired maidens, weeping upon a tombstone, were pricked only upon manly chests. Then the fever spread to Wall street, and all the clerks had their "best girl's" names intertwined with their own about their arms. After that the epidemic was beyond control, and the big tattooer makes a comfortable income, and probably lives in a luxurious flat. Some bring their own designs, others consult the professor's book. It hurts, but it does not matter.

One of the latest forms of fumatory indulgence is the smoking of tea made up in the form of cigarettes. Only the choicest and consequently the most expensive "teals" are used. The smell of the burning Bohea or Souchong is anything but pleasing, although the effect on the nerves of the smoker is described as being singularly soothing for the time being, but afterwards to be exactly the reverse. This is on all-fours with the experience of the schoolboy who takes to smoking cane. He finds it entrancing for the moment. His subsequent acquaintance with the same material is by no means so agreeable. Ladies are the principal supporters of the new departure. Five o'clock teas may in future mean fire as well as water. Eating tea leaves is the latest fancy. The habit is said to be far more pernicious than drinking alcohol to excess, for the tea leaves produce the wildest type of intoxication. They lose their intoxicating qualities when boiled.

Edward Faubel, a young farmer of Sullivan county, N. Y., recently came near being stung to death by bees. He was mowing and chanced to run his scythe into a nest of bumble bees. In an instant hundreds of the angry bees were swarming about his head, and before Faubel could escape from them they had stung him in scores of places about the head, face and neck. Immediately the parts in which the stings had been inflicted began to swell, and the swelling soon became so bad that his face was unrecognizable, and his throat so affected that his windpipe almost closed, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could breathe. A physician was summoned, and he found the unfortunate young man almost suffocated and black in the face. Remedies to neutralize the effect of the poison in the sufferer's system were administered and he soon began to improve, and at last accounts he was believed to be out of danger.

A resort to extremes—Spanking.

Our Young Folks.

THE STORM IN THE TEACUP.

BY A. S. PENN.

MR. SIDNEY WEBB was, as Sid said, a "littery" man—that is to say, he sat in a little room which was seldom cleared up, at a table strewn over with papers, and wrote books for other people to read.

Mr. William Bodger was a farmer, and earned his living by growing corn.

This explains the reason why Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Bodger, though they lived in the same Yorkshire village, moved in different circles, and never spoke to each other when they met.

But Sid Webb and Will Bodger had no circles to move in, so they were fast friends.

Sid admired Will because he knew where to find birds' nests, and could tell what kind of birds they belonged to by looking at the eggs.

Will looked up to Sid because he knew all about William, the Conqueror, the Black Prince, and many other interesting people.

But though they thought so well of each other, they had a most terrible quarrel one summer evening.

Sid was going home to tea in the afternoon, when—as he strolled along the lane, whistling, with his hands in his pockets—he came upon a ragged little urchin, with neither hat, shoes, nor stockings, dancing about with delight.

He had something clutched in his dirty hands.

"What's that?" said Sid, stopping.

"Spadger," cried the urchin, showing all his white teeth in a broad smile.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Take it 'ome, tie a string to it, and make it 'op about."

"Peo-eek," cried the bird, as though it did not like the prospect.

"Look here," and Sid began to feel about in his pockets, "give it to me, and I'll give—you—a halfpenny."

He spoke slowly, trying to find another coin, but in vain. That was the last.

The little boy made a grimace of disgust and shook his head. Sid held out the halfpenny, trying to tempt him, but he began to walk backwards.

Sid put the halfpenny back, and felt in his pocket again.

There was nothing else of any value but his knife. It had three blades, and was quite sharp. He could not part with that.

He stood still, and watched the other retreating, with the unfortunate bird grasped close in his little hands. Sid wavered a minute, and then pulled out his knife and ran after him.

"Here!" he said eagerly, "you can have this for it."

The ragged urchin opened his eyes till they were nearly round. Then with a quick movement he dropped his victim on the ground, snatched the knife, and took to his heels.

Very gently Sid picked up the poor little creature, which seemed now half dead, the only signs of life being the rising and falling of its feathers and the gleam in the black beady eye.

He carried it carefully home and placed it in an empty cage.

"After tea," he said to himself, "I will take it over to Will. He will tell me how to bring it up, and what to feed it on. It will grow up as tame as tame, and be awfully fond of me, I expect. I am glad I got it. It will be ever so much more fun than that stupid old pocket-knife."

He found his friend in the yard at the back of the farmhouse, looking on while his mother rinsed some things in a tub. Other clothes were hanging nearly dry on a line above them.

The fowls were looking round for a few last scraps before going to bed, and the pigeons were occupied in the same way, while their little ones sat on the roof and looked on.

When he had heard the story of how it had been bought Will examined the poor young sparrow with the greatest interest.

It had now revived somewhat, and gave one or two feeble chirps.

"I tell you what," he said, "he's most likely hungry. I'll get some sopped bread in a teacup and we'll feed him."

"Don't you take one of my best cups," his mother called after him as he ran into the house.

"Shall I do it, or will you?" he asked Sid when he came back with the food.

"You—you know how to do it better than I do."

"Catch hold of the cup then," said Will; and while his friend held the cage ready, he opened the door, lifted out the bird, and placed it in his left hand, while with his right hand he took a little of the sopped bread, using a bit of stick for a spoon, and waved it just before the invalid's beak.

A moment's suspense, and then Sid gave a gasp of joy. The sparrow was pecking eagerly at the proffered food.

The stick had to be dipped in the cup again and again.

All at once the boys' enjoyment was interrupted by a sharp stinging smack from a wet hand on one of Will's cheeks. He all but dropped the poor young bird in his amazement.

"You little stupid!" cried Will's mother, who had come near unnoticed; and she snatched the teacup from Sid's hand, while both the boys stared at her with eyes and mouths open. "Didn't I tell you never to touch that cracked cup, because it's the one I use for keeping rat-poison in?"

"I quite forgot," stammered Will, as she took the cup with her and went indoors. Then his eyes came back to the bird.

It was dead!

For a minute Sid did not grasp the meaning of this little scene. Then the sight of the dead bird, and Will's terrified-looking face, helped to explain how matters stood.

He first turned pale and then scarlet, and set down the cage on the ground.

"Give me that," he said shortly; and taking the sparrow's body from Will, he laid it again inside the cage. "Now," he said, planting himself before his friend, and turning up his cuffs, "I'm just going to give you the biggest licking you ever had in your life."

"I won't fight," said Will, with the tears in his eyes, while his arms hung abjectly at his sides. "I didn't mean to kill it, Sid—you know I didn't mean to."

"Come on!" cried the other, doubling up his fists.

But poor Will only shook his head at this challenge.

"Then I tell you what," exclaimed Sid, in a fury, "I think you're a miserable coward, as well as a great, stupid, clumsy, blundering idiot! I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!—never!"

"Oh, I say!" murmured Will, in dismay.

"Never!" repeated Sid, picking up the cage, and looking back at him defiantly. "It would give me the greatest pleasure to take your tame rabbit and wring its neck."

Will gave a sort of groan, and tried to say that he was sorry; but his friend did not listen.

He walked off with his head high in the air, and it was not until he had nearly reached home again that he was cool enough to take out the bird, and see whether after all it had not still retained a spark of life. But it's little body was quite cold.

When he was in bed that night Sid told his mother the story—not quite fairly to Will, though, for he was angry at the loss of his sparrow. "I've done with him for good," he said at the end.

"Well," said his mother kindly, "we shall see." And she smiled as she put out his light.

He went to sleep, still quite resolved never to forgive Will, and he dreamed strange things about ragged boys with sparrows hopping about at the end of strings.

When he awoke in the morning he found sitting on his bed, half-dressed, his younger brother, and in his arms was Will's beautiful tame rabbit.

"Will's been here," said the little boy, "and he brought his bunny for you. It's for you to keep—always."

Sid took up the rabbit, and stroked it gently.

"Poor old Will!" he said. "So he does not believe I shall wring its neck!"

As soon as he was dressed he carried the rabbit back to its old master; and that day the two boys were as good friends as any two lads could be.

DAME NATURE'S PARTY.

BY G. WEATHERLY.

DAME NATURE sent her heralds, the swallows, to proclaim to the birds her intention of giving a garden party in the forest in three week's time.

This was not to be an ordinary party, with nothing but gossip and light refreshments, for the Dame invited all birds to be present, that she might bestow a gift on the most beautiful guest.

All who heard this wondered and rejoiced; some hoped and many were despondent, according to the characters of those who listened to the invitation when given by swift-winged Swallow.

"There is no doubt I shall win the prize," thought Peacock, as he stood spreading his feathers in the sunshine on the marble edge of a fountain, and now and then leaning over to admire his reflection in the water.

Meanwhile a Turkey strutted about in the poultry yard, amidst a group of admiring relatives and a crowd of fowls. He seldom or never saw Peacock, and, living as he did in a small world, thought himself the biggest person in it.

"I've got a good chance," said he, spreading the colored feathers of a fan-shaped tail. "Gobble, gobble, gobble!" and his wattle grew crimson with mixed pride and excitement.

"I don't think I shall go to the party at all," murmured Peewit as she sat on her eggs, for you must know she was a very shy bird, and not at all conceited.

"There are hundreds who can lay more claim to personal charms than myself, in my sober black and white dress, though I wear a crown on my head. Skylark, what shall you do?"

At that moment the little brown bird thus addressed rose from a furrow close by on the common, and answered, singing as she rose into the cloudless blue sky.

"Obey and be thankful, for all good, all pleasure, all delight comes from heaven, which has given me wings to rise thither for a few brief blissful moments at a time.

"Why should I go to the garden party?" cooed Ringdove from her peaceful home in the forest. "Pheasant, with his golden breast and white collar, is far lovelier than I. Woodpecker too, in green and yellow, has a better right to lay claim to beauty; and whatever the Dame's reward may be, I do not deserve it."

Time glided swiftly by, which it is apt to do when people are happy and busy, as the bird folk for the most part were.

There were nests to be built, eggs to be laid, broods to be reared, and food to be sought; only a few sauntered about like fine ladies who have not enough to do, and among these was Peacock.

In fact, he was rather inclined to be angry with his wife because just now she seemed to avoid his society and to be mysteriously busy.

"I know what it is," he grumbled; "you've got eggs hidden away somewhere, so you never care to walk with me on the terrace, in the sunshine, as you used to do."

Peahen fluttered her sober-colored dress and looked anxious.

"Indeed, my dear, I shall be only too pleased to take a turn with you by-and-by—but—but you know it's no use telling you about our little ones, because you might tread on and kill them. Husbands are not supposed to understand the management of eggs. You will have to go to the party without me."

"Of course I shall," cried he. "Why, you with your dull green breast and gray tail surely never thought of going! Dame Nature would not glance at you twice, I assure you."

"No," said the other meekly, "I'm sure of it. Good-bye, my dear. I see Swallow overhead, and probably he has a message for you."

So saying, the lady shuffled quickly away, and there is no saying if curiosity might not have made her lord follow to find out where she had hidden her treasure, had not Swallow passed swiftly by, a mere flash of black and white; but before his forked tail was out of sight his message reached Peacock's ears.

"Dame Nature has come. Haste to the chestnut glade in the forest."

"I shan't hurry myself," thought the listener, preening his jewelled feathers on the fountain edge. "There can be no doubt who is to win the prize, for not a creature can vie with me for elegance or coloring. The more I think of it the more sure I feel, so I shall just saunter up by-and-by to receive my due. I wonder what this will be. If I only had a fine voice I should really be quite perfection.

While Peacock was thinking thus and making a leisurely toilette before his looking-glass, invited guests were making their way from all parts to the appointed spot for meeting.

And there Dame Nature stood awaiting her guests. What was she like? do you ask. Well, it is rather difficult to describe one so great, so seldom clearly seen and loved, though she loves everyone.

The Dame was a very, very old lady, with eyes like bits of a cloudless summer day, and hair like driven snow when the sun shines through.

On her face was the sweetest expression—that of a mother watching her helpless child, and in her right hand she carried a branch of flowering myrtle, but except this she had no ornament of any kind about her cloudy dress.

As the guests came she smiled at them or spoke a few kind words, still her eyes kept wandering as if they were looking for someone who had not yet appeared, though she hoped and expected he would do so.

At last she waved her myrtle branch as a sign she wished to speak, for the crowd and chatter were growing troublesome, and the Dame knew the former would hardly care to disperse till the promised reward for beauty had been given.

"Friends, you may come forward to me," said she, stepping into the golden light of a sunbeam that crossed the glade. "Come in order, as my heralds direct, and let there be silence as I pass judgment."

First, then, an eagle, as king of the birds, alighted proudly on the grass before Dame Nature, and made obeisance.

But her face grew grave and she made no movement as she spoke, fixing her searching blue eyes on the candidate for favor.

"You are a bird of prey. Go, for none of your kind are beautiful," and Eagle retired in confusion.

Raven came up next, hopping along with his head on one side, not quite sure of his reception.

"You need not wait," said the Dame, a touch of impatience in her tone. "You and Magpie are mischievous thieves, and thieves can never lay claim to real beauty."

Ringdove next fluttered down, and the Dame smiled kindly on the pretty creature.

"Bird of peace," she murmured softly, "my gift would ill become you. Your mission is to show the blessing of peace to those who would mar life with jangling and squabbling."

Presently Skylark was pushed forward, rather unwillingly, for he was shy, and the judge's face was bright as she dismissed him with these few words:

"Be content, little bird; you rise nearer heaven than any of your neighbors, and sing of thankfulness on the way."

When many of the guests had been dismissed for one reason or another, the Dame became restless and gave a little frown.

"How is it?" asked she, "that Nightingale is not here? Did Swallow forget or omit purposely my message, which was sent her as much as the others?"

"We will fetch her," cried a couple of heralds, darting off, and in a few minutes they returned with the modest brown bird, just as Peacock strutted into the crowd, his tail in the air, and beak rather higher than usual.

The Dame smiled her sweetest on Nightingale, and touching her lightly with her wand, cried in a loud clear voice—

"To you I give the reward of beauty. Why did you not come with the others?"

"I was so small; I lead such a retired life; many others have better claims," murmured the bird humbly, in some confusion.

"Beauty," cried the Dame, "has a wide meaning in its best sense, and mere brightness of coloring, good form, or features are nothing, worse than nothing, if disfigured by vanity, conceit, selfishness, and other bad spirits. You, little bird, spend your life in doing good, content to be rarely seen, and seldom known. You cheer the heart of man by your music, attend to home duties without a murmur; in short, on you I bestow the gift of a voice unequalled for its melody."

Too surprised, too delighted, too grateful for words, Nightingale burst into music so exquisite that all the other birds stood still to listen till it died away in the distance, and then, before Peacock could come forward the Dame spoke once more, stretching her wand towards him of the blue-green breast.

"Go, vain creature! Leave my presence, for I have nothing for you except words of advice and warning. On such ignorance, such vanity as yours I bestow nothing but contempt, and henceforth you shall strut wailing through the world, saying only one word in a worse voice than before."

"Pee-hor!" wailed the discomfited bird, and, turning tail, he hurried away with drooping feathers, while the crowd shouted after him in derision—

"Dame Nature is quite right: true beauty can never be vain or useless. Ha, ha! there goes voiceless vanity!"

SLEEP.—It is one of the amusements of West Africa to show strangers how a Fantee boy can sleep.

A friend of mine, wishing to rouse his servants and send them to close the shutters and lock the doors, said to me, "I'll show you something which you wouldn't believe on hearsay."

Thereupon he grasped a boy by the heels, dragged him a yard or so, turned him over and roughly lifted him to a sitting posture. The youth sat up, rubbed his eyes, scratched his head, and went to sleep again as he lay.

To another he did the same, with a like result. Having thus got the two alongside fast asleep, he dragged one of them on top of the other, and left them for a moment.

They slumbered placidly in that position. He then ran amuck at them, being in slippers, upset the pair and ordered them loudly to close the shutters.

They both got up, eyes wide open, and apparently conscious; one walked gravely downstairs, the other retired, with all semblance of reason, to the pantry alongside.

The one who went down came up again in two minutes, still with his eyes wide open, and leisurely lay down to sleep again; the other we found fast asleep in the pantry on a stool.

We took them up and shook them violently; they rubbed themselves, and went to sleep again. Dragging them into the dining-room, without a word, they silently set about their work, fastening shutters and doors.

"Do you think they are awake?" asked my friend. "Tell them to get you something."

I did so. No response. I repeated the order. They quietly went back, their work completed, and dropped asleep upon their mats. They were stupefied with sleep all the time.

HER MOST INTERESTING AGE.—"What is the most interesting age of women?" was a question recently discussed by an artist, an author and a woman of society.

The artist said he did not like to paint the portraits of those between the age of twenty-five and forty years.

Before twenty-five the face has an expectancy which charms. It is looking forward with joyous freshness and hope, and is full of possible promises.

At forty years the character is formed and the lines of the countenance are strong for the painter's study; but in intervening years the face has lost its expectancy, is apt to be indifferent, and has no particular interest.

The author differed from the artist. He liked to study women between the ages of thirty and forty. They had then the experience of the world and the joyousness of youth. In those years they were brightest and most interesting.

The society woman thought that it was impossible to make general answers to the question, as individual women differ in regard to the most attractive age.

Some are most charming at sixty years, while others have passed their prime at twenty. The best answer would be that women are always beautiful to the friends who love them.

To seem not to hear remarks which are intended to annoy you is a species of negative insincerity which is in many cases commendable. It disappoints and baffles the insulter and prevents a profitless war of words. Such dissimulation may be the means of preventing a breach of the peace; and the "easier way is the best" when the other way is not imperative.

UNTOLD.

BY N. N.

A face may be woeful white to cover a heart that's aching;
And a face may be full of light over a heart that's breaking.

'Tis not the heaviest grief for which we wear the willow;
The tears bring slow relief which only wet the pillow.

Hard may be burdens borne, though friends would fain unbind them;
Harder are crosses worn where none save Christ can find them.

For the loved who leave our side our souls are well nigh riven;
But ah! for the graves we hide have pity, tender Heaven!

Soft be the words and sweet that soothe the spoken sorrow;
Alas! for the weary feet that may not rest to-morrow.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Nobody knows who was the first shoemaker. Undoubtedly there was a time when all our forefathers went barefooted, but at length someone made a pair of shoes, rough foot mats or shields of woven reeds or skins.

The original shoemaker sought comfort. Style came later.

The Celt, who at times wandered over moor or morass, at others over stony mountains, invented a shoe admirably adapted to his use.

A sole of heavy hides protected his feet from sharp stones, while uppers or legs of lighter skin protected his ankles and legs from thorns and bushes.

The buskin was so constructed that the water exuded from it as soon as the foot ceased to be immersed.

In the modern shoe the idea is that the water be kept out, not let out

The Celtic buskin was tough and elastic, and could be replaced wherever there were untanned skins at hand. Every Celt was his own shoemaker.

With the Norman Conquest came the introduction into the British Isles of tanned leather, which had long been in use in Normandy, where it had been introduced by the Romans.

The old good soft shoes of untanned leather, which must have been deliciously comfortable, were set aside, and then came curiously shaped shoes of many styles and a variety of colors.

From the close fitting shoe fashion led to many extremes. First came long pointed toes, which soon assumed the shape of a peak, fashioned like a ship's prow, and in time assuming the likeness of a scorpion's tail, which in turn grew to devil's claw, and fastened to the wearer's knee.

King Richard the Lion-hearted had his boots stamped with gold.

John Lackland, his brother, wore boots spotted with golden circles, while Henry III. wore boots checkered with golden lines, every square of which was enriched with a lion.

Cardinal Wolsey's shoes were—

Of gold and stones precious,
Costing many a thousand pounds.

Sir Walter Raleigh wore shoes studded with diamonds said to have cost $40,000.

The gallants in Charles II's time wore their high boot tops turned down to the ancles to show the gorgeous laces with which they were lined.

High-heeled boots were worn by ladies for three parts of the Eighteenth Century. They raised their fair wearers some inches, rendering walking difficult and running impossible.

Boots and shoes of all kinds have been worn—shoes made of wood, leather and reeds; brass bound, iron bound, gold bound; with wide toes, narrow toes and pointed toes a foot long, but the right and left foot were shaped exactly alike.

About the year 1800, however, an Englishman invented "rights and lefts." This was soon followed by many improvements, in style of the shoe and tanning of the leather.

The Highlander carved brogans out of the hide of the deer, the slaying of which had afforded sport and adventure.

He gained for himself the name of "Red Shanks" by wearing boot legs from the same hide, lashed around his calves with the hair outward.

Even fairies have been credited with taking an interest in shoes, for we are told that the merry little Cornish pixies liked nothing so well as to hammer away in the dead of night at the unfinished shoe on the cobbler's bench, to surprise and gladden him next morning with the outcome of their energy.

It is supposed to be unlucky to put either shoe on the wrong foot, nor must one put the left shoe on before the right, unless one wish to bring about some direful calamity

Augustus Cæsar, it is said, put on his left shoe first, and before nightfall he narrowly escaped assassination.

Dr. Brewer says that plucking off the shoe among the Jews, smoking the pipe among the Indians, thumb licking among the Scotch, breaking a straw together among the Teutons, and shaking hands among the English are all ceremonies to confirm a bargain.

The Jewish custom of plucking off the shoe or scandal is frequently referred to in the Scriptures.

In the story of Ruth it is recorded that a compact which Boaz made was sealed by a shoe being drawn off; one of the verses reads: "Now this was the manner in former times in Israel concerning redeeming, and concerning changing, for to confirm all things a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbor; and this was a testimony in Israel."

A LITTLE gentle handling, due to sympathy, will put us all straight with quite as much effect and far less suffering than if we stormed and scolded and refused to understand the laws governing human nature, whatever the social class—than if we had no knowledge and therefore no sympathy. The strictest disciplinarians may be and often are the kindest and most generous natured of their sex; and when they are, then are their orders obeyed with diligent care, and there is no heartburning and but seldom the faintest line of reluctance. All the good and great captains of men have been those who knew human nature and sympathy with its difficulties, while keeping things in order and not allowing looseness of discipline to impair the usefulness of their forces. The martinets, on the contrary, to whom men are so wooden as so many nine pins, and with no more susceptibility than machines, have always to encounter discontent, opposition, and disobedience. They strain the nerves of those whom they command; and this want of sympathy leads to all the rest. And it is a blessed faculty, and is in minds what harmony is in music. It is the great leveller of inequalities, the one universal language which savages can understand as well as philosophers.

Grains of Gold.

Gratitude is always a virtue.

Debt is the worst kind of poverty.

Knowledge is a means, not an end.

Deeds are fruits, words are but leaves.

Better half an egg than an empty shell

Humility is the foundation of all virtue

All sweets are by no means wholesome.

He who sows brambles must not go bare foot.

There can be no economy without efficiency.

To be angry about trifles is mean and childish.

If the brain sows not corn, it plants thistles.

He who knows himself best esteems him self least.

Vinegar helps digestion but a sour temper ruins it.

If every one would mend one all would be amended.

Profanity is the well known stamp of viciousness.

He is little worth whose promises are nothing worth.

He deserves not the sweet who will not taste of the sour.

Defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

A fool who speaks the truth is better than a hundred liars.

The most certain sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness.

No man shall ever be poor that goes to himself for what he wants.

That action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers.

Femininities.

Chloride of lime is highly objectionable for its odor to rats and mice.

A new envelope is square and has a flap from corner to corner, opening also up one side.

The long pocketbooks which the ladies carry are just becoming a popular novelty in London.

A woman's journal has found a Missouri woman farmer who sensibly performs her outdoor work in men's clothes.

The Queen still has her boots made in the old-fashioned way—elastic sides, soft kid uppers, pointed toe-caps and low heels.

Two lovers, at parting. He: "Shall you remain true to me, my love, till I return?" She: "Ye-e-es; but come back soon."

A Cossack giantess, who weighs 280 pounds and measures nearly 6 feet in height, though only 11 years old, is on exhibition in Paris.

Salt will curdle new milk; hence, in preparing milk-porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is ready.

Statistical returns in England show that there are about 1,000,000 more women than men in the country, and that these are nearly all widows.

One of the latest social innovations in London is the female butler, a parlor maid in livery. It opens out a new field of employment for women.

Queen Victoria is suffering severely from lumbago and rheumatism. She cannot stand for any great length of time, and her face has an unhealthy flush in it.

A writer of some note has lately given to the world a very important decision on the distinction between coquettes and flirts. The men go after coquettes; flirts go after men.

"You are a domestic servant?" asked a lawyer of a female witness in a Liverpool, England, court one day lately. "No, sir," she indignantly replied, "I am a house maid."

Mrs. South Church, whispering to her husband: "I wonder why Miss Beacon is in disguise to-night?" Mr. South Church: "In disguise?" "Yes; she has no spectacles on."

The antiquity of dolls has lately been proved at Rome, where there was found in a sarcophagus containing the skeleton of a young girl a wooden doll with jointed arms and legs.

Do not lift little children by the wrist, as the bones of the arm, not being wholly formed—or rather solidified—are very liable to break. The hands should be placed under the armpits.

If some of the ladies whose husbands find fault with the fuss made over female attire could get an insight into the mysteries of a tailor's shop—well, may be they would have something to say.

Miss Rose Madder: "What? Employed d'Auber to paint your portrait? Why, he's a still-life artist; he never made a decent portrait in his life?" Miss Worthy Sinferin: "I know; but he paints dresses exquisitely!"

Proof of his love. "Yes, Mr. Baker loves me more than he used to, Mrs. Parker." "Indeed! What leads you to think so, Mrs. Baker?" "Why, the dear fellow has discharged the handsomest servant girl in the house."

Monograms have suddenly assumed gigantic dimensions, and figure on window curtains, bedspreads, portieres and carriage rugs. Those on linen curtains are about three-quarters of a yard long, and sometimes fill nearly the entire centre.

A sufficient excuse. Mrs. Gilhooley: "I understand that your daughter Kate said I am a gadabout, and other uncomplimentary things." Mrs. McGinnis: "You should pay no attention to what the simple child says. She is always repeating everything the neighbors tell her."

Mother, to daughter lately married: "What a change has come over your husband, Clara. He has grown very profane of late." Daughter: "Yes, I noticed the change, mother. And to think that it all has taken place in the short time you have been living with us. I can't understand it."

In the stomach of Mrs. J. J. Murphy, of Birmingham, Ala., who died recently, the doctors found considerably more than a pound of wood and a piece of cloth 18 feet long. The woman "doped" snuff and, it is supposed, chewed up and swallowed her brushes, but the physicians are at a loss to account for the presence of the cloth.

She ordered a fowl for a grand dinner, and made the cook bring his purchase for her inspection. She examined it, tossed her head discontentedly, and said: "It is a poor-looking thing!" "Oh, mum," said the cook, "when it is fixed up with truffles it will look entirely different. Just like when you put on your diamonds, mum."

American girls are very bright. Miss Mary Lee, of New York, who is now the Countess Waldersee, recently received the Emperor and Empress of Germany. She performed very gracefully the difficult feat of walking backward before her imperial guests up the whole length of a long staircase, managing her train with aristocratic dexterity. A woman who is able to give such a circus performance must find life worth living.

Mrs. Keuter, of Wisconsin, recently got the better of a ruffianly tramp. When the fellow attacked her, she ran to her house, and seizing a loaded revolver ordered him out on the road, and thence to the railroad, following him two miles down the track to where her husband was at work; then the latter and his companion took the man and marched him into the justice office in New Canel, where he was given 30 days in the county jail.

It is becoming quite the thing nowadays among fashionable shoemakers to sift either orris root powder or some lasting sachet powder between the leather and the lining of ladies' boots. They also have in stock dainty little shakers filled with the powder mixed with soapstone, which may be used at will. These shakers are about twice the size of an ordinary pepper shaker, and can be found in china, upon which are pretty designs; cut glass, with silver tops; carved sandalwood and silver, either engraved or hammered.

Masculinities.

A man of small calibre is frequently the greatest bore.

The surgeon is the only man who cuts friend and foe indiscriminately.

King Oscar, of Sweden, is busy on a new play, which he will bring out in the fall.

A reasonable man is one who accepts the situation until he can get a better place.

Shiftlessness catches water in leaky tubs, and then complains that there was no rain.

Social clubs are becoming so numerous in Boston that the clergy are beginning to denounce them.

A promise is a just debt, which should always be paid, for honor and honesty are its security.

When you feel like calling a big man a liar, be sure you're right, and then use the telephone

It makes a difference about a man's value, whether you take him at his own estimation or at that of his wife.

The husbands of the society leaders have one merit which their wives cannot claim—they try to conceal their busts.

The neglect of the habit of economy seriously limits a man's personal influence, and also his personal enjoyment.

The finger of scorn should be cut off or crooked by rheumatism. Its pointing has never yet made a human being better.

The Prince of Wales has the gift of free-hand caricature, and is able to hit off the likeness of a friend with a few scratches of a pen.

A conservative young man has wound up his life before it was unreeled. We expect old men to be conservative; but when a nation's young men are so, its funeral bell is already rung.

An inn at Grantham is said to be subject to a rent charge of 40 shillings a year, originally left by a Mr. Solomon, for an annual sermon against drunkenness.

Good boy: "Say, fellers, I'm going to chuck a stone through that winder." Bad boy: "Don't, for my sake! Teacher'll lick me when we go in. He always does."

A "physician of eminence" in London declares that one of the most potent causes of the dissemination of disease is the practice of kissing, which, he adds, is in one sense itself a disease.

Judge: "If, as you say, you found this woman so violent and headstrong, even during your engagement, why did you marry her?" Abused husband, meekly: "I—I didn't marry her. She married me."

An Iowa man advertised in Western papers that he wanted good reliable men to send him $1 each, for which he would send "5 ones, 2 twos, 2 fives and 1 ten." He kept his agreement, but sent postage stamps instead of dollars. Now he is in jail.

Howell Gibbon: "Aw, I'm quite shocked, Tom, to see you going around the streets without a vest." Tom Bigbee, wiping his brow: "Whew! When a man wears a flannel shirt to keep cool he mustn't wear anything else he can possibly dispense with!"

A venial trespass. Squire Bluenose, to young gentleman and lady, evidently lovers: "Now then, sir! Can't you read? Didn't you observe that this road is private?" "A—m—yes! To tell you the honest truth, that's exactly why we came here!"

A shoe merchant's small boy at St. Louis, Mich., painted on the fence: "If you want good shoes go to Mr. ——." Dr. Case's small kid witnessed the operation, and, determined to sustain his father's reputation, added to the fence the legend: "If you want good babies go to Dr. Case."

A marriage license was returned to the County Clerk's office in Indianapolis the other day that was a beauty. The happy bride had pasted paper flowers all over it, and amid the flowers were such loving words as "Thine always," "Ever thy love," "Forget me not," "Your own true love," etc. The clerk has been sealick ever since it came in.

A Texan who eloped and got married because the girl's mother refused to give her consent to the union, "got square," as he termed it, with the mother by refusing to allow her to take home to Missouri the dead body of his wife unless she paid him $10 for it. She hesitated, but eventually paid the sum and received the daughter's remains.

A gentleman once overheard two mechanics in Hyde Park having the most sensible conversation on baldness that he ever listened to. They were talking of some advertisement of a balsam for the hair, and one of them said to the other: "Balsam be hanged! Do you suppose the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge would both be bald as bell heads if money could save 'em?"

One Gordon, a vocalist of the last century, rashly accused Handel of accompanying him badly, and added that he would jump upon the harpsichord and smash it if the composer did not change his style. "Let me know when you will do dat," said the Saxon master, "and I will advertise it. I am sure more people will come to see you shump dan will come to hear you sing."

Castle Meyerling, where the Crown Prince of Austria died, is now being transformed into a memorial of the unfortunate Prince. The castle itself is to be a Carmelite convent, the room where Prince Rudolph breathed his last forming the chapel; the surrounding buildings will be converted into an asylum for persons incapacitated from work, the Prince's foresters having the first claim.

At a christening the other day the aged minister spoke a few words of counsel to the young parents. "Watch over this child with unceasing care. Choose his companions wisely, and see that he is always surrounded by uplifting influences. If you train him to walk in the path of rectitude he may become a George Washington or an Abraham Lincoln. What are you to name him?" "Jane," said the mother.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Lippincott's Magazine presents for its complete novel "An Invention o' the Enemy," by W. H. Babcock, a patent lawyer of considerable note. The plot is hinged upon a legal fight by two inventors for the same patent, and it is worked up to a powerful climax. George W. Childs contributes the third instalment of his "Recollections." The famous people who figure in the sketch are Charles Dickens, the Duke of Buckingham and Dom Pedro. James Matlack Scovel gives a number of personal interviews with Lincoln, that will be an addition to the immense amount of Lincoln literature on the market. Judge Tourgee has the last instalment of his legal sketches, "The Long Vacation," and Julian Hawthorne contributes a bright skit, "French Propriety."

The *Magazine of Art* for August teems with "contemporaneous human interest." The frontispiece is an etching by MM. Masse and Withers after a painting. "The Passing Salute," by Mr. Tom Graham, a Scotch artist. Current art is treated of with critical pen by the editor, and admirably illustrated. Mr. George Moore has something to say on "Art of the Villa," giving a blow to white marble statuary as he passes by. Ch. Francois Daubigny is the subject of this month's paper on "The Barbizon School." There is a full-page engraving of Sir Joshua's "The Snake in the Grass," which was a favorite of its painter. "Maximilian I." is the subject of F. Mabel Robinson's paper on "Art Patrons." "John Brown, the Draftsman," is discussed by J. M. Gray and illustrated by reproductions of his own drawings. Home and Foreign Notes bring this interesting number to a close. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The August *Magazine of American History* is a model of elegance, and as usual the number is well filled with admirably written and valuable papers. Dr. Everett's "Earliest American People" touches upon a theme dear to every antiquarian reader. "England's Struggle with the American Colonies" is by Dr. William M. Taylor. Hon. J. O. Dyman concludes his series of papers of "The Last Twelve Days of Major Andre." J. P. Dunn, Jr., contributes "The Founding of Post Vincennes," and Mr. William S. Pelletreau writes of "The Phillipse Patent in the Highlands," with portraits. Mrs. Lamb's article is a pen-picture of the "Career of a Beneficent Enterprise"—now one hundred and four years old—"The General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen," profusely illustrated. A portion of the brilliant address of President Merrill E. Gates of Rutgers' College, to the class of 1889, appears entitled "Life and its Activities." The frontispiece of the number is an excellent portrait of Alexander Hamilton. All the minor departments—Notes, Queries, Replies, Historic and Social Jottings and Book Notices—are crowded with important facts and choice readings. Published at 743 Broadway, New York City.

The August number of the *Popular Science Monthly* opens with an article on "The Spirit of Manual Training," by Prof. C. H. Henderson. There is a paper on "Agnosticism and Christianity," by Prof. Huxley. "Life in the Solomon Islands" is described by Mr. C. M. Woodford, with a number of pictures. A similar article is "Savage Life in South America." A. G. Warner, Ph. D., discusses "Scientific Charity." "The Influence of Race in History" is pointed out by Gustave Le Bon. Mr. W. H. Larrabee describes "The Stone Age in Heathen Sweden," with illustrations of many implements and structures of stone. Samuel Sheldon, Ph. D., contributes a paper on "Electrical Waves." Felix L. Oswald, M. D., has a suggestive article on "The Wastes of Modern Civilization." "The Defensive Armor of Plants" is by M. Henry de Varigny. Prof. John F. Woodhull has a good word for "Home-made Apparatus." The customs of "Blood-Vengeance and Pardon in Albania" are described by Herr J. Okte. Under the title "Mr. Mallock on Optimism," Mr. W. D. Le Sueur criticises the recently expressed opinion of that writer. The scientific lessons of "The Johnstown Disaster" are pointed out in an editorial, and the other parts are marked by their usual variety. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"SUBJECTS FOR SERMONS."—A New York correspondent recently wrote: "A few weeks ago I called attention to some of the fantastic subjects selected by some of the preachers of the city for their sermons. The advertisements for last Sunday contained several interesting specimens. Here are samples of the most striking: One minister announced that in the evening at 7.30 he would 'deliver a candle sermon to the children,' whatever that may be. The theme of another was announced in this fashion: 'The Anchor of Hope; its Flukes and the First Five Links in its Chain;' and it was added that in the evening there would be a beautiful set piece, 'Seven Steps to the Throne.' 'A Gibraltar in Proof of the Pre-Millennial Advent' was another subject announced, and still another was, 'Burning the Barley Fields.'"

A SOUR STOMACH, WANT OF APPETITE and General Lassitude, denotes the want of a Tonic, which you can supply by using Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. It will cure most derangements of the Stomach, in old or young, and rids the body of Worms—the common pests of childhood.

THE WINDS OF THE WORLD.

THE terrible details that have been published from time to time of the havoc to valuable property, and more valuable lives, wrought by Tornadoes, must make all who read them thankful that, whatever the shortcomings of our much-maligned climate, we are not exposed to such awful visitations.

Though the east winds claim their victims, it is not with the suddenness with which those stricken with the Tornado are hurried into eternity.

It is this suddenness which makes the Tornado so terrifying. There is no time to make preparations against its assault; in a moment it has come and gone, leaving uprooted trees and overturned buildings to mark its course.

This is only one of the deadly winds to which the people of other lands are exposed.

Byron's nervous verses that tell of the destruction of the army of Sennacherib are though to portray the devastating course of the Sirocco in Eastern lands.

It comes upon the traveller, making his weary way across the desert, with a hot, parching breath that is as fatal in its way as the wild raging of the Tornado.

The sand with which it is laden finds its way into the lungs and chokes the air passages as effectually as the fumes of charcoal.

The only chance of salvation is to lie flat upon the ground, with the head enveloped in the folds of some garment, until the messenger of death is gone by, and the air is again free from the whirling sand storms that dance triumphantly in his train.

The destruction to life caused by the Blizzard that raged for days over north-western America is still fresh in our minds.

The terror that this piercing wind inspires cannot be understood by those who have never experienced it.

Men and cattle "struck by a Blizzard" are in as pitiful a plight as mythology tells us were those who looked upon the head of Gorgon: they are literally turned to ice; and for weeks their stiffened bodies may lie under the fine snow that has settled upon them after the first fury of the ice blast has passed.

In the course of a day the thermometer may fall more than a hundred degrees through the agency of the Blizzard, and those who are fortunate enough to be under shelter when it comes may slowly freeze to death in the intense cold that always accompanies it.

The Blizzard blows from the north-west, and often succeeds a cloudless, brilliant day that seems as far removed from such horrors as the equator from the poles.

Of a similar nature is the Purga of Siberia. It sweeps with mad fury over the frozen plains and gathers on its wings fine particles of snow until all the air is laden with icy fragments that sting like red-hot needles.

There is no protection to be found in rugs or wraps. The ice dust insinuates itself into every opening, choking and blinding the hapless man who finds himself exposed to its rage.

The air is thick with the whirling snow, and the strength of the blast which makes it almost impossible to keep on the feet adds a hundredfold to the bewilderment of its victim. The temperature falls as rapidly as with the Blizzard, and the bitter gale lasts as long, or, indeed, longer.

A wind of deathly dryness is the Puna that blows over the tableland lying near Lake Titicaca and between two ridges of the mighty chain of the Andes.

The lofty eastern mass of this range of mountains rears itself in the path of the south-easterly trade wind, and sucks from it its moisture; so that by the time the current of air has passed the topmost ridge of the great barrier, it has become so marvelously dry that any animal body exposed to it is dried up and mummified as effectually as though it had passed through the hands of Egyptian mummy makers. Decay is arrested before it has time to set in by the desiccating power of this withering blast.

In the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons at Lincoln's Inn Fields there is the body of a Peruvian which was exposed to this wind and was dried so effectually that after the lapse of sixty years it was in a perfect state of preservation.

The Buran is a wind that is comparatively common on the steppes of northern Asia. It is a north-east wind, generally accompanied by heavy falls of snow, and always bringing with it a very low temperature.

But the natives of that ice-bound land are so accustomed to cold in one form or another that the Buran, which would probably be fatal to most were they exposed for any length of time to its baneful influence, does not seem to trouble them unless it is more severe and protracted than usual; and even then they do not regard it with any more disfavor than we look upon a long bout of east wind.

Of a similar nature to this is the Bora, which pays periodical visits to the shores of the Black Sea.

It comes from the mountains of the Caucasus that border the coast, and is very destructive both to buildings near the shore and to ships that are within its range.

Like many other dreaded winds, it comes on all at once, and scarcely any opportunity is given to prepare for its destructive attack.

Brazil and Paraguay are swept during the months of winter by the Pampero that drives before it from the south-east an icy rain.

The evil effects of this wind are chiefly seen in a peculiar form of rheumatism to which those who face it become subject. It is described as causing the most exquisite agony, and for the time being quite disables its victim.

But, fortunately for those liable to be exposed to the Pampero, its coming can usually be foretold; and the man who ventures out when signs point to the advent of this disagreeable wind is looked upon by his neighbors as one who foolishly runs into the path of danger that all may avoid if they choose.

The immense range of temperature there and the sudden variation that it shows, are no doubt principally responsible for the violent storms that often for weeks together render travelling in the mountainous regions of Quito out of the question.

A peculiarity of these tempests is that they seldom, if ever, show their fury during the night. They begin at early morning, increase in strength during the day, and gradually die away as the sun nears the horizon.

In that land of mountain passes which even in calm weather try the nerves of an experienced climber there is great danger in travelling when a storm is raging.

The venturesome man who braves it must think himself under the special protection of the spirits of the mountain if he escapes being blown over a precipice and dashed into a thousand pieces at its foot.

Dwellers at the cape have sometimes to put up with a very bitter south-east wind that comes to them over chains of mountains and deposits there the moisture that would render it bearable.

It is a wind sufficiently unpleasant in its effect, though not ranking with others we have mentioned in this respect.

The Mistral of southern France is a wind that has probably been more written about than any other. From the days of Strabo its evil qualities have been celebrated in prose and verse. It sweeps down to the Mediterranean from the snowy slopes of the Cevennes often with such force that the vines in its path are uprooted.

A CURIOUS RECORD OF BETS.—There is, says a London correspondent, a famous club in Jame's street—perhaps the oddest in London—which contains among the "top-shelf books" of its library, very valuable materials for a study of London life for the past 150 years. It is a volume containing a record of bets entered upon between members of the club—some of the records would not bear translation into print—throwing a lurid light upon the moral tone of the gentlemen of England in the latter half of the last century. There is, however, one entry which, set forth in simple terms, in large schoolboy handwriting, tells a story with all the terrible simplicity and graphic force of Swift. A member of the club, entering the smoking room in which two other members are sitting, fall down in the doorway. Immediately one of the on-lookers bets £50 that it is only a fit, and that—(the name is given in full) will not die. The other takes the bet, when a fourth member entering proposed to send for a doctor, and entry is solemnly made in the book of the protest entered by the member who had taken the bet against the man's recovery.

REAL GENUINE MODEST CHARITY.—They were discussing charity after the table had been cleared and the cigars brought on, and one gentleman was inveighing with some sarcasm against benevolent folk who make donations and have their names published in the papers.

"Nearly all charitable acts," said he, "have vanity as their motive. For my part, I hate ostentation. I remember once when I was travelling in a part of the country where nobody knew me, I came upon a lonely way station, where, in the waiting room, there was fastened to the wall a contribution box for the benefit of sufferers through a recent flood. There was not a soul there, and I went and dropped a five dollar note into the box and slipped away unseen, unknown. Now, sir, what I contend is that my secret offering was a more meritorious one, intrinsically considered, than if it had been made on a public subscription list, with a loud flourish of trumpets."

"You are quite right," said one of hearers; "that was real genuine modest charity, and I don't wonder that you brag of it."

DOMESTIC DON'TS.—"George, dear, don't sit on that little reception chair; it wasn't meant for you men!"

"Now, George, dear, don't walk up and down in that way. You know it makes me nervous!"

"Don't muss that 'spread, George, dear. Can't you find somewhere else to sit down?"

"George, dear! Can't you go one week without taking a glass of sherry before dinner? Don't set such an example to your children!"

"Don't wear that raw silk out with those horrid heels of yours. Why can't you sit up, George, dear?"

She (solo)—"I wonder why he don't spend his evenings at home nowadays? Oh, George, dear, you're like every other man."

He (alone in the beer-saloon)—"No don'ts here."

A clear conscience is the best law; honesty is the best policy, and temperance the best physic.

CHINESE TAXATION.—The system of taxation is quite unlike that of other countries. Taxes outside of Peking are paid on arable land only, the tax varying with the crop producing quality of the soil.

Inside the city of Peking there is no tax on land, houses are personal property. Goods brought to the city gates pay a lekin tax, but are exempt from taxation afterward.

The only tax on land and horses in Peking is on the sale of real estate, 10 per cent being charged on the price obtained for the property sold. There is also a tax resembling a license fee.

Outside of Peking, Chinese subjects are liable to be called on to perform certain duties whenever the Emperor passes through their districts, but this duty may avoided by the payment of a small tax. All moneys spent on public account in Peking comes from the Imperial treasury, and the expenditure is not limited to funds raised by taxation within the city.

The bulk of the people in Peking pay no taxes whatever. The man who owns his house and lot and his implements of labor enjoys his earning without tax or deduction.

CATCHING SNAKES.—Hunters in Berkshire county, Mass., have adopted an ingenious method of capturing rattlesnakes, whose oil is there believed to be a cure for deafness, and, as such, commands a big price. They go about on warm days, carrying a long fishing rod and line and a sharp scythe, and when the reptile is discovered, usually asleep near a loose edge of rock, it is prodded more or less gently with the pole.

Like any other sleeper suddenly interrupted, the snake wakes up angry, makes a dart at the nearest irritating object, which is the fish hook dangling near his head from the end of the pole, and very accommodatingly allows the sharp tines to penetrate his jaws.

The man with the pole holds the entrapped reptile at a safe distance, while his comrade moves up and severs the snake's head from the body. The latter is then deposited in a bag, and the hunters go in search of other game.

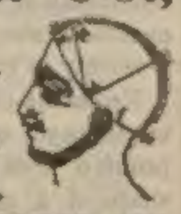
"BLOBSON is the most unconcerned man I ever knew. Why, the other day I stopped at his house during a thunder-storm. Pretty soon he drove into the yard, and just as he jumped out of the buggy the lightning struck his horse and killed it as dead as a door nail. What do you suppose that man said? Why, he strolled up to the piazza steps, scraped his feet on the scraper and says he: 'That was a plaguy lucky thing, Popinjay. I always did hate to unharness in the rain.'"

"NEVER allow yourself to get out of anything," says a writer in a household journal. How about debt?

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 306 Chestnut Street.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

Humorous.

FAIR PLAY.

Ah, husband, do not beat your wife
And make her poor heart ache,
Because she can't build pies like those
Your mother used to make.

That is, unless you're quite prepared
To see the whole thing through,
And buy her hats and dresses as
Her father used to do.

—U. M. NOTE.

Out on a fly—The dove when it left the ark.

'Tis the accounts of a side-door saloon that are kept up by the double-entry system.

The bad small boy, when his mother calls, is like the echo. He answers, but he doesn't come.

Love is blind, which probably accounts for the spectacles some young lovers make of themselves.

Some barbers are illiterate, and will always remain so in spite of constant application and headwork.

If you happen to see a small boy chasing a bumble-bee you will know when he yells that he has caught it.

The man who is in the habit of trying to get to the bottom of things should beware of falling overboard in mid-ocean.

Lobbs: "Did the old gentleman leave much when he died?" Bobbs: "He left the earth What more could I expect?"

A countryman, on being charged by a rampacious bull, held his wife firmly in front, saying, "Stand steady, Maria; he can't toss both of us!"

"Pa," she called upstairs, "this clock down here in the hall isn't going." "It isn't, eh?" he returned. "Well, don't let that be an example to Adolphus."

An eye to business. Boy, to his friend, who has fallen down a hole: "Say, Tommy, if you never should come out of dere alive, can I have your bull purp?"

The destruction of Djarkend, Semiritchinisk, by an earthquake will occasion no regret. A town with that kind of a name has no valid reason for existing.

Economy in the kitchen. "Why, Karline, what are you thinking of? You have two candles for your knitting!" "Oh, no, ma'am, I haven't but one; but I cut it in two."

City belle, pointing to a wild plant by the wayside: "What's that?" Country cousin: "That's milkweed." City belle: "Oh, yes—what you feed the cows on, I suppose!"

Daughter, who is engaged: "Mother, John is coming to tea to-night. Let me make him some cakes." Mother: "Not for the world, my dear, unless you have an intention for suing him for breach of promise."

Would-be purchaser: "These cigars are smaller than usual." Tobacconist: "Yes; you see the cigar manufacturer noticed that the last two inches of the cigar are always thrown away, so he makes them now that much shorter."

Seedy tragedian, on the Rialto: "Got an engagement yet?" Seedy comedian: "Yes, I'm playing a small part at the Fashion Theatre." "What salary?" "No salary; but the part calls for a meal on the stage, and I get something to eat."

"I am sorry to give you pain, Mr. Fer- guson," she said to the kneeling youth, "but your score is a goose egg this time." "Not much, Miss Kajones," he replied, haughtily, as he rose up and took his hat; "you can't prevent me from scoring a home run."

A musician brought to despair by the poor playing of a lady in a room above his own, meets her one day in the hall with her 3-year-old child, and says in a most friendly manner: "Your little one there plays quite well for her age! I hear her practice every day!"

Farmer Fallow: "Hear you been havin' sickness over at your place." Farmer Wallow: "Yes, best heifer on th' farm's been mopin' 'round all summer. Wife was taken down yisterday." Farmer Fallow: "Any improvement?" Farmer Wallow: "Well, she's a leetle better, but she never will be the animal she was afore."

Cranky boarder: "Landlady, why can't we have something new on the table once in a while? We've had exactly the same bill of fare for the last month." Landlady: "How unappreciative you are. Only yesterday I replaced the basswood toothpicks with some real hickory ones, which cost five cents more per thousand."

On one occasion a lady called and pre- sented a check which she wished cashed. As she was a perfect stranger to the paying teller, he said very politely: "Madam, you will have to bring some one to introduce you before we can cash this check." Drawing herself up quite haughtily, she said frostingly: "But I do not wish to know you, sir!"

Irate husband: "For mercy's sake, can't you talk about something besides dresses?" Wife: "Certainly, my dear. You ought to see the bonnets they are making nowadays at Smith's. I stepped in to-day and saw a beautiful thing in pink for only $37, and others were, of course, a good deal more expensive. A $50 gem just took my eye, but I thought I wouldn't get one that cost as much as that before I saw you. Of course, I can talk about something besides dresses, you dear old hubby!"

She had purchased a hammock, and as she received her change she asked: "Are there any printed instructions to go with it?" "No, ma'am," replied the clerk. "You swing it between two trees, wait for a dark night, and then go out and practice falling in and rolling out. In a week, if you are persistent and don't mind the bruises, you can get to that point where you can fall in before a dozen people; but, as to getting out, you had better put in another week on falling down stairs and bringing up gracefully in the hall."

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

In from one to twenty minutes never fails to relieve PAIN with one thorough application. No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the RHEUMATIC, BEDRIDDEN, INFIRM, CRIPPLED, NERVOUS, NEURALGIC, or prostrated with disease may suffer, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instant ease.

"Worth its Weight in Gold!"

Jan. 14, '88 AUGUSTA, GA

DR RADWAY, I have tried all the various kinds of remedies that they have on the market without effect, when finally I grew worse, and a friend advised me to try your Ready Relief. I did so, applying to my ankle and knee, and to my surprise was able to resume my duties next morning. My trouble was Rheumatism of long standing. I shall never be without R. R. R. for its weight in gold. My mother was cured by R. R. R. in two hours of rheumatism in her shoulder.

W. H. COOPER of COOPER & EVANS.

A Cure for All Summer Complaints.

A half teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramp, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal Pains. For Cholera and severe cases of the foregoing complaints see our printed directions.

It is Highly Important that Every Family Keep a Supply of

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the Ready Relief.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

in Its Various Forms,

FEVER AND AGUE.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF not only cures the patient seized with MALARIA, but if people exposed to it will, every morning on getting out of bed, drink twenty or thirty drops of the READY RELIEF in a glass of water, and eat a piece of cracker or crust of bread, they will escape attacks.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every Pain, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, SWELLING of the JOINTS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, PAINS in the BACK, CHEST or LIMBS.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford instant ease and comfort.

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The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

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RADWAY'S PILLS AND DYSPEPSIA

NEWPORT, KY.

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Yours respectfully, ROBERT A. PAGE.

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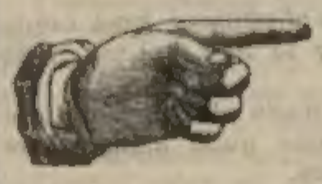

TO PLAY MUSIC

WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL, is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

During the hot days, the flowered delaines and muslins have been immensely patronized; and very cool and pretty they are, with their ribbons and fichus of colored crepe de Chine and muslin.

Most of them are made up on alpaca foundations; but it is a favorite fashion at present to have a light silk under-petticoat to wear beneath them, as the necessary frou-frou is then given.

These petticoats are very light and cool, with one or two "pinked" or hemmed flounces. They are generally in shot silk. A dark one looks well under all sorts of dark skirts.

Many women have the foundations of discarded gowns (if of silk) made up, sometimes dyed, and converted into these petticoats.

Ribbons are immensely used at present, both wide and narrow.

On many of the cotton gowns ribbons are fastened under the armhole, carried across the back or the front, crossing each other, drawn tightly down to the waist in front, and tied in long loops and ends. Sometimes, but very rarely, it is done both front and back. The ribbons are from 3 to 4 inches wide.

Epaulettes, formed of a ribbon carried round the top of the armhole, and finished off in a smart bow, are to be seen on day and evening bodices. These look particularly well on the babyish-looking, low Empire bodices that many young girls are wearing now.

Shirts of all kinds are in the zenith of their popularity. The very newest are the cotton ones, that have the front stiffened, glazed, and got up exactly like a man's; but these are not so generally popular as the prettier and more feminine-looking silken, lace, nun's veiling, and other fancy ones.

Many are worn with the Incroyable cravat, while others have some sort of trimming carried down the front, to look like revers or a jacket.

The short-waisted Eton jackets, of colored silk, with crossed and folded vests, are rapidly gaining in favor.

Separate waistcoats of colored silk and cambric, fitting to the figure, and with two small pockets, are sold now in most of the shops for wearing with open-fronted jackets.

The long scarf fichus are much *a la mode*, in white and colored muslin, with hemmed frills. Green is particularly so, and looks well over a simply made black evening gown, low-necked and sleeveless. Full sleeves of the same, puffed to the elbow, often go with them.

Conspicuous among fashions are the flower hats and bonnets, especially the latter.

The strings are usually of black lace or narrow velvet, and there is generally a looped bow somewhere among the flowers. The velvet may be of black, or of the tender green of the leaf.

White lilac, lilies of the valley, mignonette, moss rose buds, honeysuckle, pink or tea roses, &c., are among the flowers most seen, or the whole bonnet is of moss grass or leaves, with a little bunch of flowers lightly put in.

The small round hats resemble, in some cases, the top of a round box, smothered in flowers.

Others are very large, veiled in tulle, with all colors of roses apparently tossed on; and again, others are entirely of semi-transparent colored tulle, or white lisse, with leaves lavishly adjusted.

Flower boas are slowly reaching us, but they are costly exceedingly, and scarce in consequence. Violet ones have been seen for some little time perfumed, but the rose, buttercups, daisies and forget-me-not ones are newer.

Silk is used for the foundation, and the flowers are massed on it. Other summer boas are made of gauze and tulle soft silk. They are worn at the theatres and other evening entertainments, as well as at balls.

There is a fancy for India silks with black designs on light-tinted grounds—turquoise, old-rose, pale green and buff; and as the reverse of this are the black grounds with spreading leaves and vines of light green, tan, old-rose or blue.

When black is in the figures, black is used for the trimming, even the palest rose or green silk gowns having black moire or velvet ribbons, black lace jabots, and sometimes panels of black silk in the skirt.

A round French waist with the fulness on the shoulders gathered in thick cords, and the front falling in loose jabot waves, is one design for India silk dresses of pale turquoise blue, opening over a vest of moire with a high standing collar of black watered ribbon. The bishop's sleeves are also corded in pointed rows at the top, and have black ribbon wristbands.

In jewelry, a novel way of displaying it is being introduced by some jewellers. Fine bands of hair, exactly matching that of the owner of the jewels, are made to which single stones, set in gold or silver, are attached.

These bands are threaded in with the coils of hair, so that the effect is that of gems starred over the *coiffure*.

Very many years ago, fine hair nets, studded with single stones in this way, were worn in the hair.

On dit, that pale pink coral will be worn this coming season, with black, green and pale pink toilettes.

A black tulle or lace bonnet, with a branch of coral holding the loops or the aigrette; a low bodice sleeve composed of a bracelet of the same (probably long laid aside as being out of fashion), or arranged with some soft flimsy fabric; the drapery of a lovely skirt held up on one side with a larger branch; or lastly, a parasol top and handle—what could be more beautiful in its way.

Only a short time ago, a foreign Royal head was ornamented with an aigrette of pale pink coral, set in diamonds, holding a pink feather osprey, trembling with diamond dewdrops, which looked extremely effective in the dark hair of her Majesty.

Many light fabrics have been specially prepared this season with an eye to washing—such as cotton washing gauze. Soft yarn sole is admirably suited to children of 2 years old, and some smocked frocks are made of it.

It is an absurdity to make use of any material for children that cannot be washed, and a new kind of merveilleux with satin face has been brought out which will stand such treatment.

A very simple frock for a small child is of cream batiste, edged with a deep flounce of embroidery. A sash of mauve ribbon is tied on one side at the waist.

Another is of biscuit cambric. It is trimmed round the foot with rows of narrow pale blue braid. The waist and sleeves finished with feather stitching.

A very pretty frock of red-and-white Minerva zephyr had a box-plaited skirt. The bodice, which had a crossed vest, was of plain zephyr. It was finished with large buttons.

Some of the newest smocks have deep transparent embroidered cuffs and yokes, the sleeves being gathered in to the shoulders, with a wide heading left, and tucked to the elbow.

Smocking was introduced at the waist as well as round the yoke. The skirts were well tucked in order that they might easily let down. Transparent work edged some of the hems beneath these tucks.

The frocks made of sanitary wool crepe are not only pretty to look at, but light and healthy.

The bodices are made with a frill of lace turning down, some quite high, others only three-quarters.

Many of these little frocks have a soft cotton underskirt sewn to the bodice, so that all can be slipped in together. This sanitary crepe looks a little like llama, but being much finer in texture cannot chafe the tender skin.

The old-fashioned work of elastic tucking, which found so much favor at the beginning of the century, has been revived and adapted to bodices trimmed with lace, the sleeves to match being buttoned at the wrist.

Cashmere has been especially worked with silk sprigs for children, and is made up and trimmed with washing satin merveilleux, which will not shrink.

Odds and Ends.

A VARIETY OF DISHES.

Brandade de Morue.—Take some salted cousher that has been soaked in water for at least twenty-four hours. Boil it in plain water till quite done; carefully pick out all the skin and bones, and separate the flesh into small flakes. Put the flakes into a basin and work them with a fork until every flake is broken into little pieces. Rub a saucepan freely with garlic, put the fish and a small quantity of fine salad oil into it; stir well with a fork. Place the saucepan on a very slow fire, and never cease stirring the contents, pour into it salad oil and milk alternately in the smallest possible quantities, but continuously, until the mixture assumes the appearance of a thick creamy paste. Season with white pepper, add some lemon juice, but never leave off stirring, for it is upon the thoroughness of this operation that the success of the dish depends. Serve piled on a dish with bread sippits fried in butter.

Salt Fish (Picked).—Put in a saucepan any remnants of boiled salt cod (picked out in flakes and perfectly free from bone and skin) with a piece of butter and a cupful of cream, plenty of white pepper and a little English mustard. Let the whole simmer till perfectly hot, but do not let it boil, and serve.

Salt Fish With Tomatoes.—Take a quantity of boiled salt cod picked out in flakes; slice a moderate-sized onion, put it into a saucepan with an ounce of butter, put it on the fire, and as soon as the onion is soft add one ripe tomato or more, according to quantity, cut into slices; toss the saucepan on the fire for a minute or two, add the fish, a sprinkling of pepper, and some finely minced parsley; toss the saucepan on the fire until the contents are thoroughly heated, then draw it aside, to be kept warm till the time of serving.

Maccaroni a l'Italienne.—Put some fine olive oil into a saucepan with an onion cut into dice, then thrown into cold water and squeezed dry in a cloth; add or not a clove of garlic, and let it remain on the fire, shaking it occasionally, till the onion is almost melted away; then add parsley, marjoram, thyme, pepper and salt. Take a piece of "conserva" (tomato pulp dried in the sun to the consistency of damson cheese), cut it in pieces the size of a pea, put in the pieces a few at a time, always stirring the contents of the saucepan. The "conserva" must be fresh and soft; if it is old and tough, it must first be softened by kneading it with a little water. When sufficient "conserva" has been put in, moisten with water a spoonful at a time. Let the whole simmer some ten minutes longer; then strain, remove superfluous fat, and the sauce is ready. Dress the maccaroni with it and with Parmesan cheese. French tomato sauce may be used in lieu of "conserva;" the maccaroni should be boiled as follows: Put into a large saucepan plenty of water salted to taste; when the water boils fast throw in the maccaroni, broken into convenient lengths, but not too short; stir frequently. When the maccaroni is done to taste, pour in a jugful of cold water. According to its size, maccaroni takes from twenty to thirty minutes to cook; it should not be done too much.

Mousseline Pudding.—4 oz. of pounded sugar, 4 oz. of fresh butter, the rind of one lemon and the juice of two, with the yolks of ten eggs, to be mixed together in a saucepan and stirred on a slow fire until quite hot; then strain the mixture into a basin, and amalgamate lightly with it, as you would a souffle, the whites of the eggs whisked into a stiff froth. Pour into a well-buttered mould, and steam for twenty minutes. Serve with jam or fruit sauce. The water should boil when the pudding is put in to steam, but on no account after.

Meringues.—Whisk some whites of eggs to a stiff froth, mix with them, with a spoon, quickly and thoroughly, some loaf sugar, finely powdered, in the proportion of one tablespoonful to each white of egg used; then place a sheet of white paper on a meringue board, and, with a tablespoon, lay out the mixture on it in heaps about the size of an egg and about 2 inches apart, taking care to make them all nearly as possible of the same size and evenly shaped. Strew a little powdered sugar over them, shake off what does not stick to the meringues, and at once place the board into a moderate oven. When the meringues have assumed a straw color, and are hard to the touch, take them out, detach them from the paper carefully, and either scoop out the inside or press it in with a teaspoon; then replace them in the oven on a baking sheet to dry for half an hour or so. The oven must be very "slack," and it is best to leave the door of it open during this part of the operation. When the meringues are cold have ready some whipped cream, flavored as may be fancied, fill the hollow of each meringue with it, and join them in pairs by sticking together the under side of each, and serve.

"WELL, SIR," said the old gentleman, indignantly, "what are you doing around here again? I thought the delicate hint I gave you just as you left the front door last night would give you to understand that I don't like you very well." And the speaker looked at his boot in a reminiscent way. "It did," said the young man, as a look of mingled pain and admiration came over his face; "but I thought I would come and ask you——" "Ask me what!" "If you wouldn't like to come and join our football association?"

Confidential Correspondents.

THIRTY.—The average duration of human life is about thirty-three years.

F. W. C.—Any dealer in scientific apparatus will supply you with a small electric light, that will answer your purpose, at a trifling cost.

E. T.—Frederick Douglass, the newly appointed Minister to Hayti, is a negro. He was born a slave in Maryland in 1817, and when 21 years of age fled to the North.

BOSTONIA.—At Salem, New England, nineteen persons were hanged for witchcraft by the Puritans in 1692. All the States have laws against pretended supernatural powers.

GALLANT.—The left arm is the usual one to offer to a lady, and you would sit at her right hand at dinner. In walking out with a lady you should always take the side nearest the curbstone, and the same if there were a parapet in question.

DERRINGER.—A child born in this country of Irish parents may properly be called an Irish-American. If, however, he wished to be just plain American there is no reason why he should not be so, as he is undoubtedly an American citizen.

PUBLICAN.—We are glad that the article had so remarkable an effect. You must not expect too much from men; and, above all, you must not expect gratitude. There are persons who cannot help their nature; and we find that tolerance is the only mode of securing peace of mind.

S. J. Z.—"Crocodile tears" are sham tears or hypocritical sorrow. The crocodile was supposed to make moans, and thus draw unsuspecting travellers into their power. Shakspeare says:—

"Glo'ster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers."

SMITH.—It would be quite permissible and right for the three young ladies you mention to have visiting cards of their own, especially as they are not living at home. The size you give is that of the ordinary lady's visiting card, and we should certainly advise the "Miss" being put before your name; the omission of it would be rather "mannish."

WELSH.—Milk is called a perfect food, containing all the needful elements of nutrition. Bread, if all the wheat be ground up together, is also a perfect food; hence it is called "the staff of life." Meat, butter, sugar, and eggs are heat-giving elements. Salt is one of the mineral salts found in the blood. We are able to give you only a very general answer on a very large subject.

NICKLE.—A ship sailing around the world on an eastward course from the point of departure gains twenty-four hours, because she beats the sun in crossing the 360 degrees of longitude; sailing west she loses a day, because the sun gains on her in the same proportion. Vessels mark the gain or loss in crossing the 180th degree east or west from Greenwich, which is not far from the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

BRIGHTSIDE.—The origin of the "Dunmow Flitch of Bacon" is to be traced to the year 1111 A. D., when founded by a noble English lady named Juga. It fell into disuse, and was restored by Robert de Fitz Walter, A. D. 1244. The man claiming such a prize and distinction had to kneel on two stones at the church door, and swear that for twelve months and a day he had never had a quarrel with his wife, nor wished himself unmarried. Alas! between the years 1244 and 1772 there were only eight claimants!

ACID.—The process you refer to is evidently what is commonly known as embossing. Stencil plates of the lettering pattern may be cut out of thin sheets of metal or cardboard and laid on the surface of the glass. Paint the portions left uncovered by the spaces in the stencil plate with Burns black; dip into, or cover with, hydrofluoric acid, wash in clear water, and remove the black ground. Every part covered will then present a polished surface; the remainder will have been eaten into by the acid.

CARLETON.—A legendary story ascribes the origin of the shamrock as Ireland's national emblem to an incident that occurred during St. Patrick's mission to that country. He was preaching to an Irish chief and his adherents on the Holy Trinity. The chief refused to admit the possibility of three existing in one, and informed St. Patrick that if he could show him how it was possible he would believe. The saint immediately picked up a three-leaved clover from the ground at his feet, and exhibited it to the chief, who was thereupon converted.

GEORGE S.—Asbestos is a mineral, and was first mined as an article of commerce in Canada in 1878, and has become a regular and rapidly developing industry. It has other uses besides being employed in gas stoves. One of its recent applications has been for fire-proof screen to let down in front of the stage of a theatre; its particular value for this purpose is that, while it rolls up completely out of the way, it may be instantly lowered in case of fire. It is also useful as a protection to workmen engaged around furnaces in dangerous proximity to fires and sparks.

R. L. B.—When once ants have established themselves in a house or garden, it is very difficult to destroy them. Quicklime scattered about their haunts, with boiling water poured over it, will sometimes drive them off. A strong solution of tobacco water, camphor dissolved in spirits of wine, spirits of turpentine, or ammonia will keep them away as long as the odor remains. They can be driven away from a cupboard by placing in it a sponge soaked in oil of tar; but unless these remedies are continually renewed, they are of no use, and the insects will return in as large a number as before.

COSTELLO.—The word "month" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "mona" (the moon), and was originally the period of time from new moon to new moon—29 days, 12 hours, 44 minutes, 3 seconds. This division of time was used by the Chaldeans and many other nations of antiquity, and is still used by the Turks and many uncivilized peoples. Hence the Turkish new year is not a fixed date, but comes a little earlier every year. The regulation of the year was so imperfect under the Romans that at the time of Julius Cæsar the spring occurred in the summer months. Cæsar, with the help of the astronomer Sosigenes, in 46 B. C., reformed the calendar, making three years of 365 days and one year of 366 days in every four. The Roman year at one times consisted of ten months, but two more were afterwards added.